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NOTICE: *The SATURDAY REVIEW* for 27 December will contain a *Nativity play* by Arthur Symons, entitled “*Mary at Bethlehem*”.

*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Christmas does not find the British Empire absolutely at peace, but at worst it finds it in a state of qualified war, whereas last Christmas found us in a state of war emphatically unqualified. The Venezuelan affair is really not more than the simulacrum of war—all declarations of belligerency notwithstanding—it is never likely to come to hard blows. And the Mullah Abdullah’s madness is covered by Lord Salisbury’s perennial and most beautiful phrase—it is the surf where the wave of civilisation breaks on the confines of barbarism. On the whole, then, we may take our Christmas gladly this year. In merriment, however, we might find a place, a corner, for the spectre we can scare only by facing, the prospect of distress among the poorer people this winter. There is only too much reason for expecting it. Even this unwelcome thought may have a good effect in chastening the “jovialism” which our tradesmen have stimulated to a degree that sometimes makes Christmas seem like the feast of Silenus rather than the feast of Christ.

The session of 1902 came to an end on Thursday, when the King’s speech recited an unusually important list of events in foreign policy—the close of the South African war, an alliance with Japan, a commercial treaty with China, a treaty with Abyssinia, the Delhi Durbar, the Sugar Bounty Convention—and Lords and Commons were dismissed until 17 February. The Education Bill passed through the final stage in the Commons, the Lords’ amendments being agreed to except in so far as the wear and tear clause was qualified by a proviso making the local authority the sole judge of what was and what was not reasonable wear and tear. It is quite like the House of Commons’ idea of justice to make one of two parties to a dispute the judge of the issue. The session will of course be remembered solely for the debates on the Education Bill. They have not been at all too

long, nor taken up too much of the time of the House, for the importance of the subject, though for the importance of the result some might think otherwise. It is rather remarkable that South Africa has not figured more largely in this session’s debates, though, seeing that South African affairs have reached an acutely delicate phase of administration, it is to the credit of Parliament that this is so.

A nice Christian sentiment! This was Mr. Tim Healy’s rebuke to the offensive bigotry of Mr. Austin Taylor. The representative of Orange intolerance (whose speech on Wednesday night was a discredit to English Christianity) would appear from certain orations of his to be desirous of impressing on the public that he possesses at least a school-boy’s knowledge of the French Revolution. Sometimes we are inclined to think that he wishes us to take him for an Orange Mirabeau or Danton. For our part we think, when he studies his favourite period more closely, he will find a nearer likeness to himself in Camus. “Your abominable constitution of the clergy will destroy the constitution that we are making for ourselves,” said Mirabeau to that impossible fanatic. Certainly Mr. Taylor and his confederates are deadlier enemies to Protestantism than all the Jesuits and Ritualists past and present; and we wonder why the Bishop of Liverpool and other honest Evangelicals fail to see this.

Venezuela continues to keep its reputation as the land of rumours. The facts of the situation have been as complicated with false information as with false inference. In the House Mr. Balfour has given account of what he called, with the leave of the Irish, the first and second ultimatum, and there was a rather ludicrous discussion whether a peaceful blockade was as much a contradiction in terms as a series of ultimatums. Whether peaceful or not the blockade of La Guayra began on Wednesday and on the next day there was a strong rumour which started in the American press that President Castro had made a complete surrender. According to the latest report he has deputed full powers to Mr. Bowen; through him arbitration proposals have been made to Germany, Italy and Great Britain and these have been accepted provisionally, and under proper safeguards. Though little action has been heard of during the week the situation has perhaps grown in complication. Germany, Italy and England are actively engaged. France has shown some sensitiveness and the concern of Spain is

naturally considerable. Both in Germany and England official denial of any territorial ambition was emphasised rather more than was necessary in order to assuage American irritation.

The subtlety of intention attributed to the Germans in their action in Venezuela would be ridiculous if it were not offensive. The commonest suggestion is that the Kaiser, as the prime intriguer in politics, is doing his best to prevent the increasing of goodfellowship between Britain and the United States. With this object he sent out his brother to the States and had his yacht christened by an American young lady. When phlegmatic Britain took the intended insult without any appearance of annoyance, this imperial conspirator induced Britain to bully Venezuela in the hopes that Britain would come up against the Monroe doctrine. Even Anglophobe extremists never reached such a pitch of folly. At the same time there seems to be some irritation in the States. Mr. Teller screamed to the Senate for an hour and a half on the iniquities of Great Britain: he is of little account among educated Americans, but his opinions are those of a great mass of the people.

Sir Robert Giffen is an obsolescent economist whom no one need take seriously as a foreign politician. Otherwise one might gravely regret his preposterous letter to the "Times". What international acknowledgment has there been on our part that Venezuela is "under the virtual protection of the United States"? Our submission of the boundary question to arbitration in 1896 at the bidding of the States, disastrous as it was, was no such acknowledgment. The concluding paragraphs of Sir Robert's letter are yet far more reprehensible. He speaks of Germany as our "deadly" and "keen and unscrupulous rival" who "means an attack upon us at the earliest opportunity". These remarks, except the last which is a matter of opinion or rather prejudice, apply even more to the United States. In any case to allow such stuff to appear in large type in the leading daily newspaper at a time when we are actually working in alliance with the subject of this abuse is, to use the words of Pitt when recommending the adoption of his commercial treaty with France, "as pernicious as it is childish".

The treaty with Abyssinia may be said to be due to the directness of military diplomacy; and the tact of Colonel Harrington, the British Agent at the Abyssinian Court, will eventually, one may hope, bring a settlement of all the border difficulties. The lines on the south of Abyssinia are still unsettled, but that part of the country can well wait. By the new treaty Abyssinia is given some access to the Nile Valley by the alteration of the lines of demarcation which was suggested, rather than fixed, in 1891. So far as area of territory is concerned the two countries are left much as they were; at least as much territory as has been added to Ethiopia—immediately north of the sixth degree of longitude and across the valley of the Blue Nile—has been subtracted further north and added to the Sudan. A large block of territory on the Baro river is also to be leased to Great Britain, apparently as a commercial station.

But the frontier question is not the most important part of the treaty. "His Majesty the Emperor Menelik, King of Kings of Ethiopia" grants the right to build a railway through Abyssinian territory. Useful as the Nile is even in upper reaches as a waterway, the advantage of this rapid and extra communication between Uganda and the Sudan it would be hard to exaggerate. It will be regarded as a link in that scheme, made popular by its alliterative title, a Cape to Cairo railway. But the parts of such a scheme are greater than the whole. It will be of more use to connect Uganda with Cairo than Uganda with the Cape or the Cape with Cairo. Not the least satisfactory part of the agreement is the proof it bears of the confidence of King Menelik in his neighbours and of us in him. Egypt is the Nile and over parts of the Nile King Menelik is king; but in taking his new possession he has pledged himself to construct no work across the Blue Nile or Lake Tsana or Sobet which shall in

any way interfere with the flow of their waters into the Nile.

The treaty has appeared simultaneously with Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Uganda a week after the publishing of the accounts of the Uganda railway. That railway is far from being a "paying concern"; but seldom did any Imperial expenditure less merit the objections which have been taken to it by the retrenchment philosophers. The wealth of Uganda is as far beyond question as the duty of opening it up. In his speech at Mombasa Mr. Chamberlain said some things which may be described as rhetoric, if not bombast; but his expressed admiration for the fertility of the country through which he had just travelled came from the man of business. Perhaps the criticism of the railway was so brisk because when next the subject comes up no "home-keeping youth" in the House of Commons will have the hardihood to face a Colonial Secretary who has travelled on a cowcatcher in the country itself, and is liable at any moment to produce an original photograph. It is a nice question how many people have learned in the last week where in the world Mombasa is. The Mullah has further drawn attention to East Africa. It is satisfactory to know that four of his spies have been captured.

It is the best sign of the progress of South Africa to prosperity that very little is heard of it. The Cape Parliament, the chief source of irritation, is temporarily silent, and the tranquillity that has followed the end of the session suggests how peaceful the country might have been if the constitution had been allowed to lie dormant for a longer space. In the interval the Loyal Dutch in the three colonies are said to be forming a regular organisation to meet the reorganised Bond. Lord Milner has concluded another tour through the colonies. He understands the patriarchal habits of the people and his viva voce system seems to have been eminently successful. He will be joined by Mr. Chamberlain at the beginning of the New Year; and though some of his opponents in this country have expressed fears of his talkativeness on such occasions, the "garden party" arranged at Pretoria is likely to be the beginning of a useful personal acquaintance between the Colonial Secretary and the colonies.

In Germany the Tariff Bill passed the Reichstag on Saturday by a majority of over a hundred. An arrangement was arrived at by which the Government accepted the Tariff with certain restrictions as to minimum duties on several articles of agricultural produce. Almost all classes of goods are included in the Tariff and the question is how the country at large will express its opinion at the general elections which will be held in a few months. The venerable and learned Professor Mommsen, the most famous representative of the Old Liberals, sees in the coalition of the aristocratic and clerical parties a motive for the union of Liberals and the Social Democrats. In an article which has attracted great attention he appeals to both parties to lay aside their mutual antagonisms. His commendations of the Social Democrats, modified by some censure of their indiscriminate aversion to capitalists, is especially striking in view of a recent speech of the German Emperor. It is extremely likely that the Social Democrats will trace in the appeal an attempt to resuscitate the moribund Liberals and will see no advantage in responding. They are less separated from the parties whom Professor Mommsen invites them to attack than from the Liberals whom he advises them to join. The appeal is academic and is an instance of the flexibility of a philosophic mind but it is not en rapport with the facts of the situation.

An Army Order has been issued announcing 31 December as the last day on which Reservists will be allowed to rejoin. The many sentimental persons who have ventilated their own ignorance of the case have totally ignored the regulation by which Reservists who were without civil employment are permitted to rejoin for another year. So far only 600 have taken advantage of the permission; and the distress of which so much was



heard can by no stretch of logic be laid on the Government while they have to this extent interfered with the short service system on behalf of the men who fought in Africa. It has been suggested that many of the Reservists were ignorant of the Government's offer. If it is so this Army Order, putting a date to the opportunity, will be a sufficient advertisement. But we shall be surprised if by the end of the year a very great number of men will be added to the 600.

It is not always the civilian who is inferior in courage. In the case of General McCalmont, who was asked and wished to stand for the Newmarket Division, Mr. Brodrick has stood out on behalf of the rigid observance of military regulations in direct opposition to Lord Roberts. It is an act of admirable courage. Sir Hugh McCalmont is at the moment the general commanding in Ireland; and he suggested that he should serve his three months there, until the return of the Duke of Connaught, then go on half pay and in the event of being elected take his seat in Parliament. Lord Roberts consented to the proposal, but Mr. Brodrick refused point blank to ratify the arrangement. It was a courageous step to take. It is no light thing for a secretary of war to pull up short the commander-in-chief; but if he had conceded the point, he would have shown a gross contempt for the supreme obligations of military service. General McCalmont is occupying a very high military post and to busy himself with his candidature in Newmarket while the country had need of his services in Ireland would have altogether outraged any but Lord Roberts' sense of fitness in things and the etiquette and regulations of the army. Lord Roberts' lighthearted agreement to the suggestion is the more invidious as he is not innocent of partisan allegiance; and General McCalmont, inheriting the popularity of his cousin, is the best candidate that could be found in the Conservative interests.

At the meeting of the British Empire League at the beginning of the week Lord Onslow spoke of the gratitude of the members to Mr. Freeman Murray, the secretary. It is scarcely too much to say that owing to Mr. Murray's tact and energy the visit of the Premiers was a great social as well as political success. He is one of the workers whose work is the greater for being unadvertised. The resolution passed by the League to keep the attention of Government fixed on the importance of safeguarding the food supply of these islands in the event of war is a very proper one, though doubt may be permitted whether a Royal Commission be the best body to deal with the subject. It is satisfactory to learn in this connexion that the Admiralty Intelligence Department has developed a commercial branch. This is good progress and we hope soon to hear that the Admiralty has established Commercial Intelligence agencies in each of the self-governing colonies.

Sir Thomas Sutherland expressed the general opinion of British shipowners when he repeated the old argument that the business of a mail company is distinctly commercial and that Government interference with the working of commercial affairs could only prove disastrous to the Exchequer or the mail company. It does not follow that State interference should involve either proposition. Every business concern must subordinate its interests to those of the nation. The experiment of Government guaranteeing a minimum dividend was tried over thirty years ago, but times change and international competition for seaborne traffic was not so keen as it is now, and it might be well to give it another trial. There seems to be no reason why such a guarantee should prove disastrous to the Exchequer if one were to judge by the P. & O. Co. dividend, and any money which might have to be paid would be by way of national insurance. The light dues are undoubtedly a legitimate source of grievance to the British shipping interest and ought to be removed.

The Master of the Rolls was not very successful on Tuesday in explaining away the arrears that are

blocking the Court of Appeal. He says it is only final appeals that are in arrear and these he declares are the least important part of the business of the Court. That is official explanation with a vengeance. The Court has just begun to take that list, not one having been touched until now at the close of the sittings; and the cases taken are nine or ten months old. But this is nothing to the antiquity of some which run to eighteen months and two years. It is calculated that the Coronation seats cases will not be reached till summer! The judges themselves are not to blame: they have been working hard enough; but they have been overburdened by a bad system of procedure and by taking the work of other divisions in order to rescue them from their accumulated arrears. Lord Halsbury has got his little Bill passed for enabling the Court to sit in three divisions instead of two: but the question is where are judges to come from. If the Lord Chancellor or the Lord Chief Justice, or the President of the Probate Court sit there, work will suffer. It is a pretty muddle.

We should not envy the feelings of those who were responsible for the passing of the Divorce Act if they could have been at the Law Courts during the fourteen days of the Hartopp suit. The whole spectacle has been as great a scandal as Lord Tomnoddy at a public execution in the old days. That was put an end to; and the Divorce Court as it exists at present ought to disappear in the interests of common decency. The least of its reforms would be the exclusion of the idlers who turn the Court into a fashionable lounge, and the suppression of the representatives of illustrated papers who describe and reproduce the dresses of the ladies as if they were doing the first night of a play at a fashionable theatre. Why not carry the thing out to its logical conclusion? Let us have the Court divided into an auditorium for different classes of the paying public, with special accommodation for the "ladies"—we remember what a judge said about "decent women"—and prices fixed by a regular tariff. There could be boxes at a high price for the prurients of the wealthier classes and the gallery could be reserved, as it now is, for the loafing nobility and gentry of the East End. The police could manage the latter; the boxholders could go to Mitchell's in Bond Street to book as they are accustomed to do for other theatrical entertainments.

Nobody who has spoken on athletics for six months or so has failed to mention "the muddled oaf". Lord Rosebery in his speech to the Great Northern Railway men proved no exception but it was left to him to find the right criticism for it. It was a poem, he said parenthetically, which "those who only read prose must have read"; the reading of it certainly involved no breaking of their rule. Lord Rosebery spoke with the pleasant allusive humour that the occasion demanded but he also preached the right philosophy of athletics. Cricket, football and swimming are of incalculable good, morally and physically, to hard-worked men in towns; they give more than health, and in the case of working-men there is no danger that the means to health and enjoyment may become an end. Next time Lord Rosebery or any public man speaks on the athletic clubs of London we hope he will call attention to the admirable work of the Playing Fields Committee in providing grounds. Without these there would be fewer clubs and much less opportunity for learning the meaning of "a fair field and no favour".

A newly-appointed meteorological committee has suggested yet another scheme for the benefit of farmers: the setting up of weather bureaux from which daily statistics should be published. We should like to have Mr. Rider Haggard's opinion of the suggestion. He would probably put it down as another of the amateur schemes such as Mr. Gladstone's apocryphal proposal to "mak' all the turmuts to beautiful jam"—which complicate the real issues. Certainly Mr. Haggard's own scheme of an agricultural post should for the time

absorb the attention of those concerned with agriculture. The advantages of direct communication between farmer and consumer are now beginning to be appreciated for the first time. A very lucrative retail business is being done by several farmers in Essex and Surrey by means of the parcel post and the railways; and it is at least possible that the establishment of a post on the same lines as the parcel post may transfer some money from the middleman to the farmer.

Of Tom Firr of the Quorn, who died on Wednesday, it has been said—by so great a performer as Mr. Otho Paget—he was the greatest huntsman of his century. Firr hunted the Quorn hounds at fifty-eight years of age, and kept his perfect nerve till the end, a fact admitted by everybody. Had it not been for the mishap that ended his career in the hunting-field, and for the terrible disease that was to follow and destroy him seven years later, he might have done what Assheton Smith aspired to do, ride hard at eighty. He deserves surely to be the hero of such a volume as "The Life of a Huntsman" not less than old Carter his famous predecessor of the Tedworth; and we hope he will. It is part of the invincible ignorance of the "man of culture" to believe quite sincerely that such excellence and perfect judgment in field sport as was Firr's does not imply a considerable understanding. Of course it does in reality. Firr's intellect, were it only recognised, might well be the envy of many a man of letters, politician, what you will. We believe that he would have gone near to excellence in any path of life; for he had character, understanding, and nerves of steel.

A distinctly good tone was apparent in all sections of the Stock Exchange this week, although business was limited in view of the Christmas holidays. There was a strong demand for money in connexion with the usual wants of the season, and also for payment of calls on new securities, including one of three-quarters of a million on the last Japanese loan. Nevertheless Consols and other gilt-edged securities shared in the general improvement, and it is not for some time past that such a cheerful feeling has prevailed. Tenders for £2,413,000 Treasury Bills were opened on Thursday at the Bank of England, the total applied for being £6,757,000. The allotments were made in bills at six months' date, and tenders were accepted as follows:—At £98 4s. 3d. about 63 per cent.; above in full. The average rate per cent. was £3 10s. 10d. Home Rails hardened under the influence of encouraging traffic returns, the Midland receipts being exceptionally good and showing an increase of £29,861. There were also increases of £13,200 on the Great Western, £13,000 on the North-Western and £6,465 on the Great Northern, the only decrease being £2,307 on the North-Eastern, which is due, it is said, to an alteration in the company's method of book-keeping. The South-Eastern have issued one million sterling of new stock carrying a preferential dividend of 4 per cent. until January, 1908, when it automatically becomes ordinary stock. Dissatisfaction was expressed at the form which the new issue has taken.

American Rails developed considerable strength on the better monetary outlook on the other side, although it is doubtful whether confidence has yet been fully restored. The news that a number of bankers in New York had formed a pool of 50,000,000 dollars to lend to the money market in the event of actual emergency caused a spurt in prices, but it is understood that the money would only be used in the case of the very greatest necessity. Kaffirs were decidedly strong in sympathy with other departments, and business in this market shows signs of broadening. A feature of Westralians was the rise in Horseshoes on a circular issued by the company stating that the adverse rumours current were without foundation in fact, and that the intrinsic value of the property is greater now than at any previous date. Consols 92½. Bank rate 4 per cent. (2 October).

#### VENEZUELA AND EUROPE.

THE Venezuelan Memorandum has shown at all events that we had distinct grievances against President Castro. His Government has clearly given us good ground for taking the law into our own hands. No one can read the explanations furnished by our Foreign Office to Parliament without perceiving that a point had been reached when something had to be done. Insults had been endured by British subjects and injury done to British property which were fit matters for reparation. We gravely doubt whether the methods of exacting that reparation have been the wisest we could have employed or whether some less violent means might not have served us better. We also have some reason for suspecting that, admitting Castro to be the rightful ruler, and he is undoubtedly the man in possession, British subjects may have rendered succour to his opponents during the late, or present, conflict. We admit that in South America the question which is Pretender and which is King is not always easy of solution and conscience may not always compel imperative answer to it if pecuniary advantage draws the other way. But there are quite enough clear cases of misdoing on the part of the Venezuelan authorities and of refusal on their part to give attention to our complaints to justify us in using force. This, however, does not in any way excuse indiscriminate abuse of the Venezuelans, which is as impolitic as it is cowardly. It is singularly illogical to entrust a people with millions of your money if at the same time you describe them all as rogues or madmen. Probably the more intelligent part of the population will understand that it is with their Government alone that we have a quarrel.

Whether President Castro represents Venezuelan feeling in this matter is, however, not the point which engages public attention. The interesting question is how these events may affect the United States and whether or not the Monroe doctrine will be brought into play. We have so often made plain our views upon that theory that it is unnecessary to repeat them now because we are pleased to recognise the entirely correct attitude which has been maintained hitherto by the United States. It would be therefore highly invidious to assume that they will adopt any other. We do not anticipate any serious results from the present situation. It might indeed be costly—as indeed it is to fire off a large quantity of ammunition—but we must establish our general claim to have due consideration from the rulers of South American Republics without any outside interference, which is more important than the amount we are to get out of them in a particular case. It is thus fortunate that the suggestion for arbitration has reached us in a manner unexceptionable. Had it come from instead of through the United States the situation would have been entirely different. The Government would then clearly have been obliged to refuse it and it is quite certain that our ally would have done so. Germany has never gone even so far as we have done in intimating an acceptance of the Monroe doctrine, though it must be remembered that the Monroe doctrine since the days of Mr. Olney is a very different thing from what it was before. Even the British Government has never adopted the view that all South American States must look to the United States as their protector against the world, although some enthusiasts have actively worked to bring such an admission about. To allow the proposition on the present occasion when acting along with Germany would be worse than Punic faith, knowing as we do the strong view held by the Kaiser on North American pretensions to South American overlordship.

Apart from the United States, it is to be regretted that the English people in general have not taken more kindly to the idea of joint action by the Germans and ourselves in Venezuela. There is no doubt that the rancorous talk of German newspapers and the ill-will of Germans in general have sunk deep into the popular mind. This is not surprising, but it does not excuse journals of repute pandering to this ill-feeling and encouraging it. Even during the present month a review has given currency to a slanderous and absurd tale about the Kaiser. One may note in passing



how very wide of the mark our pundits were as to the subjects of co-operation suggested between England and Germany. As this co-operation is now on foot and on perfectly legitimate grounds, it is the worst of taste to be always assuming that our ally is engaged in a Machiavellian scheme to make us go further than we wish. Does any reasonable being believe that this Ministry, with their record in affairs American, is likely to allow itself to be hurried into a struggle with the United States? If Germany goes further than we have covenanted to accompany her, the joint expedition of France, Spain and ourselves to Mexico in 1866 furnishes a far more apt precedent than that of Schleswig-Holstein which we are threatened with every day. Then we withdrew when France went further than we had bargained for. We should welcome this chance of co-operating with Germany as helping to dispel the antagonism which has been developing between us. There is no reason in scientific politics why we should be in antagonism to Germany; least of all in South America. On the contrary it is highly desirable that Germany should have a recognised position in South American policy. The worst feature of the free hand we have seemed at times to accord to the Monroe doctrine is that we have discouraged the South American States from looking to Europe for protection and have led them to believe that we are ready to abandon them to the tender mercies of their too effusive friends, the United States. The more progressive South Americans have a very proper dread of the United States and their "protection". For this reason we regret that our first opportunity of working along with Germany has been brought about by antagonism to a South American State, but if our newspapers can be led to speak a little more civilly of the South American peoples, we need not incur their permanent hostility. They are not the least severe judges of their own politicians and it is to our interest to distinguish the people from those in office.

The agreement of the British Government to go to arbitration has fortunately not been delayed. The situation was such that every day added to its complications. Other nations had begun to press their claims and it looked as if before long the greater part of Europe would be represented in South American waters. If these demands were serious, Germany and England would not collect debts for other nations. Indeed as the Prime Minister made clear on Wednesday night we are not primarily collecting debts but exacting reparation for injury to our own subjects. Yet one cannot but rejoice to see Europe in general bestirring itself over South American affairs. Common action by the Great Powers is what we urged when the discussions over the Nicaragua Canal were in progress and a coalition to enforce the rights of Europe in the New World would have our hearty approval.

#### PROFESSOR MOMMSEN AND THE GERMAN SITUATION.

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN, undoubtedly the greatest of living historians and the most learned and philosophical of Germans who engage in politics, has used the Tariff Bill as the text of a dissertation on the political situation in Germany. One of the features of the controversy, whose Parliamentary phase at least has closed with the passing of that Bill, was the support given by that party calling itself the National Liberal Party to the promoters of the Bill generally known as the Clericals and Agrarians. One of the most plausible reasons given for this action of the National Liberals, which has been one of the most remarkable incidents in the bewildering grouping of parties, is their desire to prevent the Socialist Democrats from strengthening their position by the defeat of the Bill. As Radical non-Socialists they are rivals to socialist candidates; and as a branch of liberalism they have shared in the hatred of all Liberals against Social Democrats. It is this attitude of liberalism in general against which Professor MommSEN protests

in the article which, from the authority of its author, may properly enough be described as a manifesto from the doyen of the Old Liberals. We must take this fact of his position into account in considering his views as to the alleged sinister part which he maintains is being played through the alliance of the Clerical and the Agrarian parties. To him the "Catholic reaction" is by the tradition of seventy years anathema; and "Junkerdom" represents that engrossing of military and official positions by an exclusive aristocratic class which is also traditionally hated by a bourgeois party whose party aim is political and official equality. Yet MommSEN is no more a Social Democrat than he is a Clerical or a Junker. He is looking round for an ally against the old enemy; and he sees a chance in the strengthening of the Liberals by breaking down the barriers between them and the Social Democrats. The Liberals have hitherto hated and feared the Social Democrats as the iconoclasts of all their most cherished ideals of individualistic Liberalism; just as Cobden would have hated, if he had lived long enough, and as Bright actually did hate and fear, all socialistic doctrine in England.

To the Liberals of Germany the Social Democrats are the party of disorder and lawlessness. MommSEN with the penetration of the philosopher and the skill of the adroit advocate, points out that they are no more a party of lawlessness and no more revolutionary than he holds the Clericals, and the Junkers, and the Liberals to be. The two former he says are engaged in upsetting the German Constitution in order to subject the German Crown to their view of clerical and aristocratic government; and the coalition by which they have made the passing of the Tariff Bill the condition on which the plans of the Emperor as to the navy shall be permitted, is the latest evidence of this alleged revolutionary programme. This appears to be something like the accusations made by Lord Beaconsfield against the English Whig oligarchy. To the Liberals he says; you also are a revolutionary party. Your ideal is to make the Emperor equivalent to an English sovereign who is the first of his peers: or, what is difficult to understand, to an American President. This too is revolutionary. The Social Democrats are only one of a number of parties all having dissimilar but revolutionary aims. But is there anything in the non-socialistic revolutionary parties he mentions which can possibly be half so abhorrent to the Liberalism of Germany, or to the party-Liberalism of England, as the socialism whose aim is—or asserts that it is, says the Professor in an aside full of meaning—"to render the economic life of the people independent of the private accumulation of capital, and that everyone without regard to what he contributes in the way of work should receive out of the big general pot the same quantity of soup as his neighbours". He knows of course that there are distinctions between socialistic doctrines; and he wants to persuade the Liberals that they are frightened unnecessarily at the idea of socialism on account of the cruder forms which are not really held by philosophic socialists. At present Liberalism is sterile; and it might be fertilised if it could overcome its panic fear of socialism, and enter into a union against the old enemy of Liberalism, which ought in his view to be more hated by Liberalism than the newer enemy of socialism. This seems to be essentially a mistake made by a scholar and man of genius, preoccupied by political theories, as to the natural instincts of the industrial and trading classes.

We believe we find in the views taken by MommSEN of the alliance between the Clericals and Junkerdom an interesting echo of the views he takes of the Republican factions in Rome. But it is a strange inconsistency if his proposal is in this case not Cæsarism, and the political equality of all classes thereby, but a union of Liberals and Social Democrats in a parliamentary party, using parliamentary methods to crush every other party and cut down the power of Cæsar himself. That is to say if the proposal is to introduce the rule of the majority in Parliament; though this may be Liberalism, it is not what we have learned from the proposer himself as a political lesson. But the alliance of Liberal and Social Democrat is the least likely thing in the world to take place. There is positively no sympathy between them. And it would be an

unfortunate thing for the Social Democrats if they allowed themselves to be hampered with the parliamentary alliance of the Liberals. With Cæsarism they may do much; with individualistic parliamentary allies they would become in great measure ineffective. Liberalism is a decaying force in Germany; and there is no reason why it should be saved from decomposition by the socialists in order to allow parliamentarism to dethrone Cæsar. That is not the ideal of the German people; and socialists will do themselves no good by adopting it by way of compliment to the great man and writer who has expressed so highly his admiration of the ability and the devotion and self-sacrificing spirit in which they carry on their propaganda. This is great praise from such a man; but we believe his appeal to the discontented labouring masses "oppressed and to some extent utterly crushed by the greed of cliques based on interests" to help the capitalist Liberals will fall on deaf ears. If they remember the English parallel they will be reminded that our English Whigs and Liberals, the middle-class industrialists, exploited the working classes on a similar occasion, and then deserted them for years until the "Clerical and the Junker" Government here, as Mommsen might say, took them up at the point where they had been left thirty years or so previously. Besides the German socialists do not need the aid of the Liberals as a parliamentary party: they are growing stronger in their own way. A party supported by the Church is more likely to have aims in general agreement with socialism than the party whose alliance with the Social Democrats Mommsen is seeking to induce. He in fact gives away his whole case when he reminds them that "the really Liberal party will of course not cease to combat as hurtful to the public interest the ultimate aims set up by the labour party, and the supremacy in the parliaments of a labour majority such as has been attained in some instances in Australia". Will the Social Democrat not ask why should he be made Professor Mommsen's catspaw?

#### MR. BALFOUR'S GRAND TOTAL.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, who has never boasted any principle but that of loyalty to party, was able to give his enthusiastic support to Mr. Balfour in the concluding stages of the education debates. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Balfour take precisely the same view. Mr. Balfour doubtless is pleased to get praise from Sir William Harcourt, as he is delighted to get praise from any person. Possibly, however, this identity of view between Mr. Balfour and Sir William Harcourt will open some people's eyes. But the resemblance between the two leaders does not end there. Mr. Balfour touched another point of harmony between them when he dwelt on the unpopularity of Lord Hugh Cecil's view. In that Mr. Balfour was giving us the key to the political character of himself and of Sir William Harcourt alike. The test of truth must be popularity: a lofty standard worthy alike of the Conservative philosopher and the Radical jurist! Whether it is true that Lord Hugh Cecil's position is unpopular we could not say, and certainly we do not care. Very likely it is; the religious man cannot expect to be popular; he certainly will not want to be. The Christian's Master told His followers in uncompromisingly clear language that they must expect to be unpopular. Naturally, however, the non-religious man has great difficulty in finding an intelligible motive for preferring conviction to popularity. That is why such discussions as those of the Kenyon-Slaney class tend to be so acrimonious. The mere men of the world cannot understand why others should take this religious matter seriously. Their earnestness seems so unpractical. Why not follow the majority and get the Bill through? That is all very well for the insignificant item, but the leader of a party ought to try to understand the point of view even of the man who has convictions, for he may at any time have a few such amongst his own followers. In accepting an amendment which cuts at the root of religious education the Government left these

men entirely out of account; an omission which has already had a certain effect, but will have far more later on. As we have said, the man who is both honest and clever can hardly be popular, but almost invariably he gets a compact and devoted following, sometimes a more trustworthy weapon than a great host loosely attached. Mr. Balfour, himself, has often pointed out as much, somewhat pathetically, when charged with not making better use of his immense majority in the Commons.

Now that the Bill is passed, let us see what is the grand total of Mr. Balfour's efforts. It is said to be a great political triumph for him: his management is lauded as almost superhumanly skilful. What are the facts? Starting with a distinctly good, though not the best possible, scheme, Mr. Balfour has made concession after concession to the Opposition with the effect that the Bill, by the Duke of Devonshire's explicit admission in the House of Lords, has been educationally injured; with the political result that not a single Radical, not a single nonconformist has been conciliated (unless Mr. Balfour thinks he has made a Conservative of Sir William Harcourt); while an able and not small body of the Government's supporters has been bitterly alienated. The clergy and the bishops have been insulted. Day after day we get letters from the country clergy bitterly resenting the distrust shown in them and the disabilities put, or invited to be put, by the Government upon them, who have borne a burden of national education in the past, to which none but State or rate paid officials can show any kind of parallel. And this insult has come from the Church's friends! Thus Mr. Balfour's brilliant policy has at the same time alienated two opposite sections, the lovers of school-boards and the lovers of Church-schools. This is a result which, we admit, it is doubtful if any other man but Mr. Balfour could have attained. Then as to management, the Government would on more than one occasion have been beaten in the Commons but for the support of the Opposition, and in the House of Lords they were beaten.

But more important than the political grand total is the educational and religious. Something has been done to put primary and secondary education under a single authority, but the principle has been seriously cut into by the Government's concessions; it can hardly be said to be established by the Bill. Direct popular election for education purposes has been eliminated: that is a real gain. But the administration of the Bill, which was originally to be through a statutory committee partly of County Councillors partly of experts, has been weakened by a concession of the Government, which may have the effect of neutralising the power of the appointed members of the Committee, precisely those who know and care the most about education. Then something, admittedly not much, is done for secondary education. On the whole the Bill is worth having for its educational reforms; but it is not comprehensive, it is not thorough, and it is in no sense final. And the pity of it is that the Bill as passed is not nearly so good as originally drafted. Educationally it is impossible not to be extremely disappointed.

And religiously? The original plan was to leave the religious position untouched. The alternatives were to repeal the Cowper-Temple clause and legalise denominational teaching in all primary schools, or to leave things alone, securing the position of the denominational schools by aid from the rates: the Government chose the latter, admittedly and only on the ground that it involved less resistance. Mr. Balfour stated that he looked with favour on the former plan; but he shirked the division when it came to a vote in the House. We have always thought that the Government and the Church chose the wrong alternative, but we say without hesitation that the Government were far less responsible for this than the authorities of the Church. At the same time we do not believe that the bishops would for a moment have taken the line they did, if they had known what was coming. They thought that religious teaching in Church schools would remain intact, the clergyman superintending religious teaching as before and appeal lying to the bishop both on points of doctrine and administration. The Government,



by admitting the outsider, who may be anything from an atheist to an Ultramontane, into the direction of religious education in Church schools, have upset all calculations. The clergyman may now be ousted absolutely from the parish school (supposed to be a Church school) and no appeal will lie to the bishop as to the grounds of exclusion. Mr. Balfour's laboured attempt to show that this was no new thing is merely humorous in the circumstances of the immediate excitement caused by the Kenyon-Slaney addition. Had nothing new been added to the Bill, Mr. Balfour himself would have rejected the amendment as superfluous, as he did reject many amendments. It is really hard on the eponymous hero of the amendment thus to attempt to deprive him of all the glory. However no one can rob Colonel Kenyon-Slaney of his notoriety: so he will be happy. The grand total is that the position of denominational religious teaching is made very distinctly less secure by this Bill: while its principle is vitally impinged on. As now amended the Bill, we gravely fear, will undermine and ultimately destroy denominational schools.

The unpleasantest feature of the religious side of the Bill is that it is an attempt to make a general Education Act damage and, if possible, destroy one group within the Church of England. The Government have admitted that their real aim is directed against High Churchmen. As High Churchmen we do not mind this in any way: religious convictions supported by character are not affected by Acts of Parliament. The Public Worship Regulation Act was meant to put down High Churchmen: it hardly did so. But we do regret that the Prime Minister should use the influence of the Government and the machinery of Parliament for purposes of ecclesiastical partisanship. There is an unfairness, a meanness, about it which is not worthy of the traditions of English public life. We should object equally were hostility to any other theological group, unitarian, nonconformist, Roman Catholic, Evangelical, a motive of the Bill. We are glad, however, that it is High Churchmen who are the objects aimed at, as it shows that they can have neither part nor lot in this latest exposition of religious equality. High Churchmen do not resort to devices of this kind to damage those from whom they differ ecclesiastically. We trust they never will. Nor do we believe that the great body of Evangelical Churchmen, who are not professional Protestant agitators, look upon the Government proceeding with favour. Mr. Balfour may take one thing to heart. The Church is not going to rest satisfied with this Bill. The disabilities it imposes on us we shall steadily and untiringly resist; the little it does give us we shall use only as a lever for getting more.

#### THE PRESENT DISTRESS.

IT would be keenly humiliating to modern civilisation, were it not so deeply entrenched behind smug satisfaction with itself, that indigence is a chronic malady with a vast portion of the whole people. Christmas is the right time to remember the poor; unfortunately most of us rather remember—with much pleasure—the superfluous trifle we spare for the poor than the poor themselves. So much the more it is humiliating, whatever the causes may be, that in every large town there should be many thousands so poor that even when they are in full work they receive wages insufficient for more than keeping themselves and their families in the ordinary necessities of life, taken at a very low standard, and would be utterly unable with the best of intentions to provide for themselves if their ordinary work failed for a week or two. This is a fact established by the most careful researches that have been made into the conditions of poverty in London and provincial towns by Mr. Booth and Mr. Rowntree. And they who do not like statistics may read the same with a bitter-sweet relish in Mr. Charles Masterman's life of John Smith.\* Cambridge House and Oxford House alike can testify to the truth of this biography. At the beginning of this winter the ordinary distress which prevails amongst those whose occupations are

affected by the season is likely to be intensified by the general decline in industry and trade which has been making its influence felt for some time, and will in the course of the ensuing year most probably approach to something like a crisis. That is the opinion of observers like the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Stepney, who at least are not writers of sensational descriptive articles in newspapers. They also are as much aware of the danger of indiscriminate private charity as Mr. Loch of the Charity Organisation Society: and even he, who minimises the distress as much as possible, allows for "an acute crisis" later on in the year. There can be no war that does not disorganise the labour market; and one of the features of the present distress which has attracted particular attention is the case of the Reservists who, even if trade had not declined, would have found themselves seeking for situations which had already been occupied. It is easy to understand how the artificial stimulus which war supplies to certain branches of industry is succeeded by natural reaction and lethargy when it is removed. Thus in ironworks, and shipyards, and dockyards trade becomes dull, almost comes to a standstill, and men have to be discharged. Many of these, most of them in fact, will be the low-paid unskilled general labourers who, as in the case of unskilled labour in every department, are in such crowds and earn such low wages that they have no staying power when their regular pittance stops. They do not share, in any way that makes a real difference to their capacity for saving, in the temporary high wages that result during exceptional prosperity. Unfortunately many of the better paid, because higher skilled, workmen almost as quickly collapse, because they have been improvident and recklessly extravagant in a coarse round of pleasures due to a low standard of taste and desires; and they too have no reserved financial strength. From this point of view the workmen of the higher wage-earning classes are the greatest enemies of their fellow-workmen of lower grade. They acknowledge as little their duty to help them in hard times, though they know their deficiency in wages, as they do their own duty to themselves and their families. Through their improvidence they themselves must be provided for by others, though they ought to be perfectly well able to help themselves, at least for a time, and not break down at the first strain. This raises a prejudice against the whole class of workmen who are too often assumed by the public that pays rates and taxes to be all equally capable, which they are not, of making provision against times of industrial crises and depression. The result is that the question of public provision for palliating distress is complicated by numerous applications for help which are made at all events prematurely. It is not sufficiently realised however how greatly the element of unjustifiable dependence is lessened by the existence of the great trade unions, which not only are provident societies but their influence extends largely to those other forms of provident insurance—the friendly and the co-operative societies.

But when all has been done in this way there remains the great mass of non-organised labour, and often poverty is the cause of this lack of organisation. Self-help in the circumstances of our industrial life is an impossibility to the greater number of the working classes; such self-help at least as can provide a margin for support against such distress as we might call exceptional, if it were not in fact constantly occurring. For several years past we have not heard of the extreme pressure which is now being put on all the means by which thousands of men women and children are every winter either saved from starvation, or as in the case of children are enabled to attend school by being fed from soup kitchens, by penny dinners, and agencies for the provision of cast-off clothing. These palliatives of a constant poverty serve during periods of good trade and ordinary weather; they become unequal to the strain when the conditions as in this year are intensified. The further problem, therefore, develops itself; how must State and local authorities regard their duty in this matter? It is evident they ought not to stand aside and leave it to be dealt with by private charity and the ordinary operation of the

\* "From the Abyss." London: Brimley Johnson. 1902.

poor law. We have lost sight of the original intention of the Poor Law which was to provide work for the unemployed in order to prevent them becoming idlers supported by the community. There is nothing more dangerous to society than leaving the unemployed for months dependent on charity and not engaged in useful work. We must look on these breakdowns of industrial life as inevitable attendants on our social constitution; and it is the duty of our public authorities to look on them as necessitating State and municipal measures to deal with them. We institute famine relief works, we supply tools and instruments of cultivation with seed, and so on, in congested districts, because the State sees that not only on humanitarian principles but as a branch of State policy it is called upon to prevent the evil results which spring from large numbers of the people being deprived of their usual methods of livelihood. The provision of work by public authorities in times at least of exceptional distress is a form of relief which is by far the best means of maintaining the distressed portion of the population in something like its normal mode of life to its own advantage and that of the community. This has been recognised in a tentative way by the Poor Law in allowing certain kinds of relief work to be undertaken where, from industrial catastrophes of one kind and another, the ordinary method of Poor Law relief breaks down. But something more is involved than the narrow Poor Law view as to the relief of poverty which engages only to relieve destitution, no matter how it is brought about.

Municipalities especially will have to consider the problem which the original Poor Law undertook in simpler times than ours, and deal with the question of the unemployed, and the provision of work, as a matter which is certain to call for their constant attention. They become conscious of a duty in this respect only when some sudden stress such as at present is put upon them; and they see at a glance that in these crises private charity, and relaxations of the Poor Law administration, necessary though they may be, are not sufficient. They are confronted with a breakdown of the industrial system. This system involves irregular work; and it fails to supply the power to large numbers of workmen of protecting themselves from the calamity to which it may at any moment expose them. They thus become the most pathetic of human beings; those who have faculty but not opportunity for work. Can it be said that there need be no provision in the State system for such cases as these and that the community as such is free from responsibility? It is a necessary part of good civil government that the responsibility should be assumed. What are the consequences if it is not? It will constantly have on its hands a succession of paupers who have been demoralised by the failure of work, and are not paupers through their own initial moral or physical degradation. Provision of work by the State or municipality is not such help as lowers the moral standard. It is being cast in a crisis when work fails that subdues the spirit and takes the energy away, if there is no help but charity administered as alms. Self-reliance for an enormous number of our people is a cruelly fatuous doctrine to preach. At the best of times they are nearly swamped. At the worst they need to be put to honest work not less remunerative than their ordinary scanty wages. The municipalities will no doubt be driven to institute relief works in many cases through sheer necessity of meeting a temporary emergency; but they must recognise that there will be constantly recurring emergencies, and that they ought to understand the principles on which relief work should be established in order to deal with them.

#### CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE FEUDAL DAY.

"WE dare not come. There are dungeons beneath the towers." So even in the Victorian time the French peasant children answered the châtelaine's invitation to the Christmas feast. In the days of chivalry the English manor-house with its moat and loop-holed bastions struck a like terror into the hearts of the children of peasant England. We do not always

remember this. In "Christmas and its Associations" \* for instance Mr. Dawson fails to realise that as a popular festival Christmas was made not by kings or barons, but by the Church. In fact, however, had the manorial lords of the third Edward's day been so many Sir Roger de Coverleys, most of their manor-houses were barred and locked at the Yuletide season. For the lord and lady, and retainers, withal, had ridden forth a score of days ago "down the leaf-strewn forest road" to the Royal Court at Windsor, or to the castle of some puissant earl, there to keep the season with "great honour and glorie". For in truth since the day when (as Sir Thomas Malory in his book of King Arthur and his glorious Knights of the Round Table telleth) Merlin went to the Archbishop, and bade him summon all the lords of the realm and all the gentlemen of arms that they should upon pain of cursing to London come by Christmas to see the miracle, that Jesus, who was born that night should show, as to who should rightwise be King of this realm, it had been the use of the kings and great earls of this land to call together their great men and nobles, at this time to take counsel from them, and with them to eat drink and be merry. So the old frankleyn in whose house it "snowed of mete and drink" would tell the lads, as they walked home down the muddy lane behind the blazing torches from the midnight Christmas Mass (it was the year of Cressy field and he was serving his turn as churchwarden) of the Christmas Day twenty years ago, when as a knight of his shire, he stood in S. Peter's Abbey of Westminster, mid the dukes, earls, barons, knights and nobles of the realm with prelates and burgesses of good towns, and how he saw the fair beauty of Isabel, and the pride of Mortimer, and the hallowing of the boy Edward to be King. And he told them how they held the feast till the day of the Conversion of Paul following, with bountiful hospitality for high and low. The poor men listened and thought that 'twas a brave thing to live near a royal castle and to have a laugh at the jongleurs and minstrels, who go to play before the King, and perchance a sip of the royal Gascon wine.

For most of them indeed it was a happier Christmas, when the manor-house was empty of its inmates. Sir Giles is sitting in his hall with his foreign men-at-arms; before the boar's head "with garland gay and rosemary"; but his heart is not gay within him, for he is too poor to ride to Court. Surely when the red wine is passing he will curse Bailiff, that he sends him so little of his own on which to live. And then Bailiff will tell him, for he fears the Baron's wrath, that William has not for three years rendered those twenty loads of wood written against his plough-land on the manor roll, and that Thomas has worked on the next manor for a wage higher than the law allows. And for desperate men do desperate deeds the lord may well hale all to gaol, as they watch the Christmas game. Or in another lonely hall a young widow weeps a lord, who rests not with his knightly fathers beneath that stone in the chancel: but far away by some river in France. There will be none disguisings nor harping nor singing: none loud disports; but for them that will go to the castle hall, there will be playing at the tables, and the chess and cards—such disports—the lady will give her folks leave to play and none others.†

No, the old-world Hodge loves the Christmas season, for that then the elder Brother comes from the skies to give four days' rest to the labouring man from the manor's harsh custom and the Bailiff's harsher rule. So as he toils in the lord's field, and braves the wind and snow on that hard mid-December day: he thinks how bravely the parish is striving to give the Babe a right royal greeting. The Churchwardens, his wife says, have bidden Ned the carpenter to make the Babe's crib and this year Ned has told parson that he will make a more wondrous crib than ever man has yet seen.

And yesterday, as he went by the church gate he saw the old parish clerk carrying therein he knows not how many candles (paid for by the parish), all of tallow for the nave and all of wax for the chancel, for that Nativity

\* "Christmas and its Associations." By W. F. Dawson. London: Stock. 1902. 10s. 6d. net.

† "Paston Letters" quoted from "Christmas and its Associations", p. 91.



Mass. There was a big frame lying outside the church porch too. It will be many an hour's labour he thinks, ere the ringers and the guildsmen can fasten all that frame securely and set therein those many lights. And a day or two later his heart grows light, as he sits in his cot in the evening and watches the neighbours' children as they carry the holly branches and the ivy to the church, and come back smiling at the pennies with which the wardens have debited the parish exchequer on their behalf. Nay, it makes him feel young again, as he watches how his daughter smiles, as she laces the bright ribbon for the bars of the helmet which her youthful swain will wear when he plays the part of S. George in the Christmas play—that the mummers will act in the Church House, when the third Christmas Mass is o'er. Indeed he smiles a little, as he hears the children press the gudewife to tell them when the Yule dough will be ready, and he smiles more when he sees his daughter rise and go a-hanging of the mistletoe, so that he knows not why; but he rushes out himself to aid the lads to bring in the Yule log. Now that he is away, the gudewife whispers to her daughter of the dread fear that a neighbour has told her. An evil spirit, they say, in the form of a red-faced frank-leyne has been seen in the forest glade hard by. "Certes" she whispers, "it will be terrible, if out of his malignity to our Blessed Lord he should sink this church and all the folks here, beneath the earth and place a lake above us". "But it will scarcely betide us so here", says the daughter, "nathless until the Christmas game is over". And then the little boy asks if the ox in the stable will really fall on his knees at the time of the Saviour's birth. "Certes he will do this", says the gudewife simply, "as every ox at that time has knelt, since the night that the Saviour was born—but for the most part Christian folks see them not since they be all in the blessed church at that moment."

So comes the hour at which the "Lord did bring to pass His birth", and out into the dark night the parish rises to go every man and woman to the Lord's Altar. They are all walking quietly, for the Fast has been strict and the vigil long. Even Dick, of the Grange, whom the wild heads of the parish conventing together have chosen for the Lord of Misrule and crowned with great solemnity steps peaceful enough with the rest. For Sir Henry, the parson, told them last Sunday of the fate of those naughty children, who would dance without the church, ere the priest had said his first Christmas Mass; how for that sin there fell on them a divine penance, so that they must perforce dance without the church for a whole year without pause. Yet the girls know that the hobby-horses and dragon are all ready along with the fearsome vizards and the thundering drums. But now the bells ring a joysome peal (the parish has paid much to clean them) and out of the gloomy night the folk pass through the doors of the church, where within all is light and beauty, while the churchwardens who are watching at the entrance cry "Noel" to every man woman and child—as each passes into the brilliant home of the Child Christ. The little ones look with awe-stricken eyes, the parents with reverence at the crib where rests the Babe over whom Our Lady and S. Joseph watch and the Ox and the Ass keep guard. And they all think how fair the old church looks now that the ivy and the holly veil its Gothic pillars.

The Office is rendered and the Serf has received his Lord who gives him these sweet days of rest every year, and whom he thinks he will some day meet in that land of which he more often thinks than speaks, where Bailiffs will cease from troubling, and where there is neither heriot, nor toll, nor suit of Court. Never before he thinks has his heart gone out so tenderly to that Babe and that Babe's sweet Mother.

And then sweetly on the night air falls the Christmas carol from the children's lips.

"Lullay my child, and weep no more  
Sleep and be still;  
The King of Bliss thy Father is,  
As was his will."

The Serf listens and his heart grows so light that he laughs for joy. And the Star of Bethlehem, the wronged labourer's beacon of rest, shines over his cot.

## AYLWIN AT RAXTON HALL.

(REMINISCENCES.)

### CAUGHT IN THE EBBING TIDE.

The mightiest Titan's stroke could not withstand  
An ebbing tide like this. These swirls denote  
How tide and wind conspire. I can but float  
To the open sea and strike no more for land.  
Farewell brown cliffs, farewell beloved sand  
Her feet have pressed—farewell dear little boat  
Where Gelert, calmly sitting on my coat,  
Unconscious of my peril, gazes bland!

All dangers grip me save the deadliest, fear,  
Yet these air-pictures of the past that glide—  
These death-mirages o'er the heaving tide—  
Showing two lovers in an alcove clear,  
Will break my heart. I see them and I hear  
As there they sit at morning side by side.

### THE FIRST VISION.

With Raxton elms behind—in front the sea,  
Sitting in rosy light in that alcove,  
They hear the first lark rise o'er Raxton Grove;  
"What should I do with fame, dear wife", says he,  
"You talk of fame, poetic fame, to me  
Whose crown is not of laurel but of love—  
To me who would not give this little glove  
On this dear hand for D'Arcy's dower in fee.

While, rising red and kindling every billow,  
The sun's shield shines 'neath many a golden spear,  
To lean with you against this leafy pillow,  
To murmur words of love in Winnie's ear—  
To feel her bending like a bending willow,  
This is to be a poet—this, my dear!"

Oh God, to die and leave her—die and leave  
The heaven so lately won!—And then, to know  
What misery will be hers—what lonely woe!—  
To see the bright eyes weep, to see her grieve  
Will make me a coward as I sink, and cleave  
To life though Destiny has bid me go.  
How shall I bear the pictures that will glow  
Above the glowing billows as they heave?

One picture fades, and now above the spray  
Another shines: ah, do I know the bowers  
Where that sweet woman stands—the woodland  
flowers,  
In that bright wreath of grass and new-mown hay—  
That birthday wreath I wove when earthly hours  
Wore angel-wings,—till portents brought dismay?

### THE SECOND VISION.

Proud of her wreath as laureate of his laurel,  
She smiles on him—on him, the prouder giver,  
As there they stand beside the sunlit river  
Where petals flush with rose the grass and sorrel:  
The chirping reed-birds, in their play or quarrel,  
Make musical the stream where lilies quiver—  
Ah! suddenly he feels her slim waist shiver:  
He sees her lips grow grey—her lips of coral!

"From out my wreath two heart-shaped seeds are swaying  
The seeds of which our Sinfu oft has spoken—  
'Tis dukkering grass", says she, "the lover's token"—  
Then lifts her fingers to her forehead, saying,  
"Touch the twin hearts." Says he, "'Tis idle playing":  
He touches them; they fall—fall bruised and broken.

\* \* \* \* \*

Shall I turn coward here who sailed with Death  
Through many a tempest on mine own North Sea,  
And quail like him of old who bowed the knee—  
Faithless—to billows of Genesereth?  
Did I turn coward when my very breath  
Froze on my lips that Alpine night when he  
Stood glimmering there, the Skeleton, with me,  
While avalanches rolled from peaks beneath?

Each billow bears me nearer to the verge  
Of realms where she is not—where love must wait.—  
If Gelert, there, could hear, no need to urge  
That friend, so faithful, true, affectionate,  
To come and help me, or to share my fate.  
Ah! surely I see him springing through the surge.

*[The dog striking towards him with  
immense strength reaches him and  
swims round him.]*

Oh Gelert, strong of wind and strong of paw  
Here gazing like your namesake, "Snowdon's hound"  
When great Llewelyn's child could not be found,  
And all the warriors stood in speechless awe—  
Mute as your namesake when his master saw  
The cradle tossed—the rushes red around—  
With never a word, but only a whimpering sound  
To tell what meant the blood on lip and jaw.

In such a strait, to aid this gaze so fond,  
Should I, brave friend, have needed other speech  
Than this dear whimper? Is there not a bond  
Stronger than words that binds us each to each?  
But Death has caught us both. 'Tis far beyond  
The strength of man or dog to win the beach.

Through tangle-weed—through coils of slippery kelp  
Decking your shaggy forehead, those brave eyes  
Shine true—shine deep of love's divine surmise  
As hers who gave you—then a Titan whelp!  
I think you know my danger, and would help!  
See how I point to yonder smack that lies  
At anchor—Go!

His countenance replies.  
Hope's music rings in Gelert's eager yelp!

*[The dog swims swiftly away down the tide.]*

Oh, Winnie, life and death swim out with him!  
If he should reach the smack, the men will guess  
The dog has left his master in distress.  
She taught him in Llyn Coblinau to swim—  
"The prince o' pups", said she, "for wind and limb—"  
Sinfu, whose touch has ever been to bless.

# ENVOY.

## THE DAY AFTER THE RESCUE.

*(Aylwin, Winifred, and Gelert walking along the sand.)*

'Twas in no glittering tourney's mimic strife,—  
'Twas in that bloody fight in Raxton Grove,  
While hungry ravens croaked from boughs above,  
And frightened blackbirds shrilled the warning life—  
'Twas there, in days when Friendship still was rife,  
Mine ancestor who threw the challenge-glove  
Conquered and found his foe a soul to love,  
Found friendship—Life's one perfect crown of life.

So I this morning love our North Sea more  
Because he fought me well, because these waves  
Now weaving sunbows for us by the shore  
Strove with me, tossed me in those emerald caves  
That yawned above my head like conscious graves—  
I love him as I never loved before.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

## BUSONI, YSAÏE AND OTHERS.

MY readers must bear with me if I devote a little of my space just now to concerts instead of such subjects as music, plainsong, mushroom-gathering, duelling in French cafés and so on. These also shall have their turn; but for the present—concerts. It is worth while comparing the things going on in London with what was lately going on in Paris. In Paris, for instance, all the world was rejoicing in a novelty. I don't mean Charpentier's "Louise"; I do mean Beethoven's Ninth symphony. Sunday after Sunday Colonne was giving it to crowded houses. Now that was exceeding strange. For the learned will remember that it was in Paris that the Ninth was first understood; one Richard Wagner heard it given by Parisian executants under a Parisian conductor; he quickly tore the heart out of its mystery; and what he found there we have all agreed to see in it ever since. Had Habeneck not been unable in the first place to comprehend the Ninth symphony, had he lacked the faith that made him think Beethoven must have meant something, if he had not had the Conservatoire band to play the work again and again until at last he, and incidentally Richard, did understand it, the whole history of music in the second half of the nineteenth century might have been different. Or if, as is possible, Wagner did understand the Ninth symphony already, at least it was from Habeneck's way of playing it that he learnt the secret of good conducting; and those of us who remember what conducting was before Wagner had trained Bülow, Richter, Levi and the rest know what that means. I do not remember what orchestral conducting was like in the 'forties; but from contemporary reports and criticisms I can well imagine it. Not a concert, orchestral or other, is given to-day that is not shaped in a greater or lesser degree by forces abruptly set loose, thoughts suddenly thought, at that memorable performance of the Ninth symphony in Paris. And the Ninth symphony is now a novelty in Paris. Paris has been through odd experiences; she has been ruled by that musical souteneur Meyerbeer, who prostituted his muse and lived on her earnings, by Gounod, and latterly by Saint-Saëns, Massenet, even by Messager and Charpentier; and now after hearing "Tristan" for the first time it has occurred to her that there may be something in Beethoven. It is the only significant thing that has happened there. Leaving Paris, then, so far as music is concerned, in the year 1850 odd, I reach London and find the world gone crazy over Richard Strauss. Here, thought I, is fine revolution, and hastily looked at the programmes of concerts past and concerts impending. Alas! there is no revolution. The programmes are much the same as we have endured these ten



years. Nothing has really changed. For the moment Strauss has got an innings. The public does not at all understand him, but the odd noises he draws from the orchestra tickle palates jaded with a long course of Chopin, Beethoven, Wagner and Tschaiikowsky. A feather-headed part of the press sees in him a very Messiah: were he a Beethoven and Wagner rolled in one the praise he has received could not be hotter. But it means nothing, really counts for nothing. This is a critical, not a creative, age; in painting, literature and music the critics who lack critical insight and power of expression are everlastingly trying to draw attention to themselves by "discovering" someone. The Rev. R. Nicholl, a safe man, always discovers his men after they have got a vogue; but the musical critics, hot-blooded, impulsive creatures, are not so wise. They discover too readily. So Strauss has come in, and Strauss will go out—be he great or small he will surely go out, for a season or for ever—and otherwise things rest precisely where they were before. The provincial festivals are over and gone, the usual works—I almost wrote the usual novelties—having been given there; the Royal Choral Society gives the "Messiah" and Berlioz' "Faust", as of yore both in the same spirit; the pianists and fiddlers continue to repeat the programmes that drew large audiences ages ago. We are indeed a dull, stolid, sordid, shopkeeping, insincere, but, in art matters, contented people. And in their way the French are the same.

It was something of a relief to chance on the programme arranged by Messrs. Ysaÿe and Busoni for their concert of last Monday afternoon—there was at any rate one item which was not altogether hackneyed: a sonata for violin and piano. It is not in the slightest danger of ever becoming hackneyed. No more colourless, no less distinctive, piece of music exists. César Franck was doubtless an excellent teacher. He had the technique of composition at his finger-ends; he had ideals and enthusiasm; he could communicate his enthusiasm to his pupils. But he was entirely wanting in invention. His is the sort of music which might leave off almost anywhere. Of course there are subjects and second subjects and working-out sections and recapitulations; and on paper all looks well enough. But no sooner is the stuff played than the truth is patent: his themes want character and his movements want outline; in this music there is certainly unity, but no variety, no richness. We rejoice if one of the instruments is silent for a bar or two—one longs for any break in the dead, dull, level, oily flow. Much has been said and written about Franck's new harmonic progressions; and I respond that the new harmonic progressions simply are not there. For those who like the game of hero-worship it is very well to find a new idol every fortnight or every ten years and proclaim him the greatest or one of the greatest of composers; but it is incomprehensible to me how anyone with any temperament and ear should have selected Franck. I can understand a momentary Strauss-worship, for Strauss has audacity; I can understand drawing-rooms being fluttered for a year or so by Fauré, for some of his things are prettily piquant. But Franck!—laborious, conscientious, working always as one explaining the mysteries of form and development to a school-class—the adoration of him is a phenomenon of which I seek some explanation in vain. His is modern kapellmeister music: music of the sort of which Bülow said "Yes, I have always liked it". There is nothing disagreeable in any ten bars of it: it is the awful monotonous flow, that will not stop, which is disagreeable—more than disagreeable, actually hateful. It is not bad music like that of our Academics; but after all, even a thoroughgoing scoundrel is more interesting than a Clapham grocer or a City man. Franck was an ambitious, industrious grocer; so small a man was he that he actually dreamed of founding a school. The great men never found schools: they close them. But the Franck school flourishes in Belgium to this day and produces music unto which no man may hearken without pain and grief and acute longing to run away. Busoni and Ysaÿe know better than to play such twaddle; and it is to be hoped that the exceedingly

cool reception this sonata met with will serve as a hint that Franck will not do as a successor to Gounod, Dvorák, Greig and the others who have been foisted on us as great creative artists. Belgium has Franck's music, and Belgium, being thoroughly unmusical, likes it. Wherefore let Belgium keep it. To those gentlemen of the press here who like it I would say One boom at a time, if you please. Let us be done kneeling to Richard Strauss before falling down to pray by the tomb of Franck. One argument used with reference both to Franck and other composers I wish to dismiss for ever. I have been told that I am bound to be wrong about Franck and Strauss because I have not heard *all* their music. This is sheer lunacy. Need one read all Marie Corelli or Hall Caine to know how vulgar, stupid and inept their books are? And having perceived the truth does one continue to read them on chance of finding something good? Certainly not. After seeing or hearing a certain amount of a writer's or a composer's work we are able to measure the writer or composer as well as the work. I have not heard all Franck's music, and in future will hear no more of it than I can help: I think I have measured Franck.

It was just as well the concert opened with Bach's sonata in E: had that genuine piece of music come after Franck —! I cannot tell why it was described as for a violin and pianoforte. When a harpsichord is not available the piano serves; but all the same the thing as we heard it is by no means the thing as Bach meant it to be heard. Why on earth do even great artists like Busoni and Ysaÿe want everlastingly to be mangling the masterpieces by playing them on instruments for which they were not intended? There is plenty of music for violin and piano: was it necessary to take this sonata and give us only a faint notion of its beauty and expressiveness? This craze for transcribing is verily a disease. Organists must needs play piano music; pianists must ruin excellent instruments by playing transcriptions—often ugly ones—of Bach's organ fugues. Fiddlers play Chopin's nocturnes and selections from music-dramas. It is true this sonata of old Bach suffers less than might be expected: the sheer music in it triumphed over adverse circumstances and it came out clear, fresh, sweet and strong. But these freaks are much too risky to be indulged in at serious concerts—how risky was revealed when Ysaÿe gave us Wilhelmj's monstrous "paraphrase" of "Siegfried". It was shameful and it was laughable: one felt that Ysaÿe ought either to be hung or tarred and feathered. He did not make things much better with a ludicrous, poverty-stricken Caprice by one Guiraud. It was a shocking piece of music and he played it consistently out of tune. On such occasions I can feel no pity. I only thought, Serve him right! Ysaÿe is far too great an artist to put us off with such nonsense. It disgusts those who are serious about art; and it does not please those who only want their ears tickled. I wonder whether the world will ever see a virtuoso who has nothing of the trickster and charlatan about him, who has an artistic conscience if he has no other sort. I have watched star after star arise for these twenty years; often I have thought that at last one had risen who was wholly artist; and always I have been in the end disillusioned. Scratch the virtuoso and you find the trickster—always, with no exception. The vanity of the creature, his selfishness, his greed for applause, if it is only the applause of the many-headed fool—these ruin his character at the beginning and often change him from a man into a monkey. After all, our ancestors were not altogether wrong when they regarded musicians and actors as vagabonds, as things who must eat with the scullions. They made mistakes, as when they imagined a Beethoven or Mozart to be of the same stuff as the others; but in a general way they were right. A man who has so little respect for a mighty genius like Wagner that he will play "Siegfried" paraphrases is himself worthy of no respect. I shall watch Ysaÿe's programmes with peculiar interest now and see whether this was a mere momentary lapse from artistic rectitude or whether he is deliberately seeking popularity by playing rubbish and desecrating great art-works.

For the rest, this concert did not turn out highly

interesting. Mrs. Cleaver, an American lady with a small, pleasant but very American voice—that is to say cold, unbacked by passion—sang some songs agreeably. However, someone should tell her to leave alone an "Old Hebrew Melody" arranged by Kücken. It is no more Hebrew than I am; it is simply a few bars of Rossini mixed into a sort of paste or jelly with a few bars of Donizetti. The words are comical enough in French: "Ma harpe hélas! brisée, de larmes arrosée". Busoni played Chopin's B flat minor sonata, and did his best with the abominable funeral march. The trio is the vulgarest thing "the Polish composer" ever wrote. If anyone plays that at my funeral I swear to rise from the dead and smash the instrument. The finale was magnificently given: only a very great player could have expressed the smouldering passion of it, constantly breaking into bright flame and as constantly repressed.

J. F. R.

#### "NINETEENTH CENTURY ART."\*

FROM the illustrations scattered through Mr. MacColl's remarkable book one gets some idea of what his publishers expected of him. As is not unusually the case when a conscientious artist disappoints a publisher, or indeed a patron of any kind, Mr. MacColl has done something infinitely better. Wisely keeping himself clear of the quicksands of contemporary criticism, he has devoted himself to the great and longer tried artists of the past century, and has given us, I think, the most important and stimulating book on painting and sculpture which has appeared during the last generation. In the first portion of it (that which deals with the vision and the imagination of the century) although parts of the former may appear to be a little, a very little, too technical, Mr. MacColl at once proves himself to be gifted with the highest critical powers. Nothing more clear, more illuminating and comprehensive has been done in the appreciation of any particular period of art; certainly nothing showing so sure and imaginative an interpretation of those delicate currents of feeling and thought affecting those works with which the great artists of the nineteenth century have enriched the world. Mr. MacColl devotes the greater part of the book, however, to studying the vision and aims of those personalities which appear to him to be the most complete or significant, and so intensely has he allowed his mind to be affected by each that much of its peculiar quality of beauty and strenuousness has entered into and inspired these portraits. The short essay on Goya, with which he opens, is worth all that has been written on that extraordinary painter. He goes on to show us David, not as the cold student of the antique, but as the passionate seeker after truth, like Goethe the ardent worshipper of the Greeks, as having approached most nearly God's own perfect creatures; hating the vicious and corrupt works of Fragonard and his other immediate predecessors; untiring in his endeavours to place before the youth of France sterner and more wholesome ideals. He shows us Ingres expressing himself forcibly as "the humble servant of the model", the same enthusiastic enemy to tricks of picture-making, with a similar desire to appeal to a more innocent passion for form, lifting himself by unceasing study to a unique point of draughtsmanship.

The studies on Géricault and Delacroix show an equally profound insight into the restless, romantic world-spirit which, sprung from Goethe, quickly affected the venturesome spirit of France early in the century. No two artists could well be more difficult to write upon, and Mr. MacColl succeeds in throwing on them something of their own fierce light. Delacroix: the executor, he calls him, of Géricault's will—Delacroix, of whom Baudelaire wrote in words of bronze, so that they echo still through the empty corridors of the critics' halls, and whom Goethe, with innocence and generosity, at a somewhat ungenerous period of his life, declared to have sounded in Faust's soul deeper depths than he

himself had sounded. Delacroix! that alchemist ever feverishly experimenting in an atmosphere so fierce that none but a consumptive giant could have lived in it—would that Mr. MacColl would pipe more about this lion.

Of Daumier he writes eloquently "out of his neighbours in the street, or a bit of waste suburb, he can give us, more than many a picture, the awe of deluges and judgments, the vast doings of Tohu and Bohu, the beginning and end of things and our own tragic comic behaviour in between". Millet's personality and consummate art he treats with a rare tenderness and understanding. That he should have passed so lightly over the work of Barye is to me, I confess, a matter of some surprise. The greatest, certainly the completest sculptor of the last 300 years, Barye was the first to do for sculpture what David tried to do for painting—that was to make the existing works of the Greeks serve as a basis for a closer, deeper, more noble study of nature. Concentrating himself on study of forms and habits of animals, he succeeded in finding a means of treating the most violent actions within the most constrained and classical forms. His was such a life, such a temperament, as Rembrandt's: calm, self-denying, ever observant; by poverty, or the indifference or malice or stupidity of men undeterred from his slow, perfectly regulated labour. This man's work, with Millet's, is the most perfect of modern times; perfect in so far as the execution is in complete accord with the largeness and depth of the conception, neither lagging behind, nor ever tempted ahead. Such men, too, give their lives to help mankind—to save them from the damning evidences of their self-indulgence and blindness to the beauties and realities of life—by smuggling, quietly and unobserved, their treasures into the world.

Of Rodin's work Mr. MacColl is a passionate supporter: "the one artist who has a familiar, a commerce with shadows and terrors, who can cast a spell, bring up spirits; such a mixture of ardour and tenacity has had few examples, for few are able to hold fast an impassioned dream through an untiring search for form". Mr. MacColl points out with great clearness that unconscious marriage between design and form which he declares to be the keynote of the great Frenchman's art. It is Rodin's belief in an intense application to the form and movement of his models, resulting in the semi-conscious addition of the important feature of design, that has helped to make all that he has done so vital and imposing. An equally severe application bestowed on the conscious mastering of the elements of proportion, of form and of the principles of movement made Barye and Millet the incomparable artists they were. It is by those who push the attitude chosen, no matter what that attitude be, to the highest degree of intensity, that really great work is given to the world. Disciples may wrangle and bicker in the market place over meanings and methods and what not—they have done so from time immemorial. The masters themselves pay no heed. They remain aloof, intent on their own labours.

Space does not allow of further examination into the many remarkable studies contained in Mr. MacColl's book. Of English painters in particular, the two most striking are those on the shamefully neglected Alfred Stevens, and the popular David Wilkie, whose "sly, slow, pawky nature" Mr. MacColl has treated with evident enjoyment.

To Mr. Watts' portraits Mr. MacColl does not seem inclined to give the high place they hold in the estimation of many of us. Those portraits are endeared to us by a certain quality of noble innocence most rare among portrait-painters—a quality in virtue of which the painter, resisting the accidental opportunities of displaying his power, has given to us a superb series of portraits of those men and women, whose achievements, characters or beauty he admired.

How much, however, Mr. MacColl has cultivated and developed his critical powers he shows in his remarkable study on Claude Monet, who has, as he points out, been forced to "traffic and bargain with nature" as much as any of the old painters. No book could well give a clearer vision of the labour of an artist's life—the labour of recreating always anew some-

\* "Nineteenth Century Art." By D. S. MacColl. Glasgow: MacLehose. 1902. £5 5s. net.



thing of the beauty without which his life would be in vain. To the artist full of reverence for the past, the greatest possible works have been already achieved. To him again, walking in the fields, or among his fellow-men, seeing the lights and shadows of nature and of life, there is still everything to be done. And of this longing effort, of this struggle for expression, of this glad renunciation of the common privileges of life, of all those conflicts without which there can be no mastery, Mr. MacColl has given us indeed a memorable picture.

W. ROTHENSTEIN.

### "OTHELLO" RE-INTERPRETED.

IT needs no courage to say that as a dramatist, in the narrow sense of the word, Shakespeare has had his day. Those crude farces and melodramas, native or exotic, used by him as vessels for his genius, are not good enough for this sophisticated age. What thrill for us in the strange adventures of the Prince of Denmark or the Thane of Cawdor or the Venetian usurer? These were the kind of things that made Shakespeare popular in his own day. They were fashionable then, and accordingly are out of fashion now. What interests us in Shakespeare's plays is not the plays themselves, but the (strictly irrelevant) truth and beauty that he poured into them. We love them for their matchless poetry and their matchless insight into the human soul. "Hamlet" is for us nothing but the study of a contemplative man distracted by the necessity to be up and doing; "Macbeth", the study of a noble mind degraded by ambition; "The Merchant of Venice", the study of racial strength against contempt and persecution. Nothing to us now, the actual framework of these studies; everything, the studies themselves, and the language in which they are set forth. Our pleasure in the production of a Shakespearean play is according solely to the illuminative rightness of the conception of the chief character or characters, and to the sonorous beauty with which the verse is declaimed by all. Let us see whether we can be pleased by "Othello" as now enacted at the Lyric Theatre.

Our whole interest in "Othello" is divided between two studies: on the one hand a study of natural villainy; on the other, a study of a grand, primitive soul lashed to overwhelming rage by jealousy. "Othello" is a two-part play, and of the two parts in it the more deeply interesting is not the title-part: its really central figure is Iago, and "Iago" it ought really to have been called. It would, assuredly, have been called so, had Shakespeare conceived it for himself, and not merely "lifted" it in his usual manner. Not before he had worked some way through his version, did Shakespeare begin to see Iago with his own eyes. I take it that in the Italian story Iago was a commonplace scoundrel, compassing Othello's ruin because he had reason to hate Othello. It is as a commonplace scoundrel that we see Iago at first. He is angry that Othello has preferred to him in military rank Cassio, the less capable soldier; also, he believes that Othello has seduced Emilia, his wife; and these motives prick him to the task of ruining his master's happiness. But gradually, as the play proceeds, and as Shakespeare's own creative genius takes possession of himself, we begin to see that Iago is not really pricked at all by desire for vengeance. He is, villainous for villainy's sake—a philosophic villain, planning havoc as a curious intellectual gratification to himself. Against Othello he has no more ill-will than against Cassio or Roderigo or any other of his pawns. If he has any feeling at all in relation to Othello, it is a feeling of pity—a dry, intellectual pity for one who, like the rest, is his inferior in intellect; and even this pity is eclipsed by sense of humour. Othello is amusing: and the more he suffers, the more amusing must he become. For that reason, and only for that reason, is Iago Othello's enemy. If some yet nobler and more stupendous fool hove in sight, Iago would straightway leave Othello in peace. All the energy of his mind is centred on the contrivance of mischief. For the art-of-war he has no enthusiasm; he is a capable soldier, because he happens to be a soldier, but

he sees no romance in his profession. Neither does conquest in love allure him. He confesses to Roderigo an abstract interest in "our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion". But himself is above such follies. Speaking of Othello's love for Desdemona, he says "I do love her too", grimly adding that he loves her in so far as she is the instrument prepared for Othello's downfall, and "not out of absolute lust, though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin"—for all he knows, he *may* have a sexual passion for her; but that were neither here nor there. Now and again, he reverts to Emilia's infidelity as his motive in mischief. This is not, as some too subtle writers have suggested, a sign that he is so subtle as to deceive even himself: he sees himself as clearly as he sees everyone else, and the only difference between his vision of himself and his vision of his fellows is that he does not think himself ridiculous. His harping on Emilia is an inconsistency not in himself, but in Shakespeare, who did not wholly untrammel his own finished Iago from the Iago in the first perfunctory sketch. What the poet was too lazy to do, we do for him; and Iago stands out for us as a perfect type of philosophic villainy. A great part, this, needing a great actor. A very difficult part, also, needing a very accomplished actor. To Othello and to most of the other characters Iago must seem simply a bluff, straightforward soldier—"honest Iago", and all that. But to the audience he must seem always the great villain that he is. "I am not what I am", he confides to Roderigo, and from time to time he reveals himself in soliloquy. But the actor must not rely on these devices: he must be always the true Iago to the audience and the false Iago to the dramatis personæ. Much skill is needed for this dual suggestion. Much skill might be expected of so clever and experienced an actor as Mr. Herbert Waring, who plays Iago in this revival. Much skill is not, however, what Mr. Waring shows us. To the audience and to the dramatis personæ he is the same creature. The great villain? The bluff, straightforward soldier? Alas, neither. Nothing, alas, that we can conceive as having ever existed in real life, and nothing that we have not seen in romantic dramas when Mr. Waring was playing the hero. A strutting, chin-in-the-air figure, with a fixed smile, and with much squaring of elbows and twirling of wrists—that is the sole impression left by Mr. Waring's Iago. Of Iago as a good fellow on the one hand, or as a bad fellow on the other, there is no impression at all. One sees simply a frigid repetition of what was (or, as I think, wasn't) all very well in "Under the Red Robe" and kindred masterpieces. You will hardly believe me when I tell you that at the close of the first act, after speaking the terrible words

"I have't. It is engender'd. Hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's  
light"

the actor performs his well-known trick of raising his hat by the back of its brim and whirling it round his head till it falls back into position. Throughout, the actor's one aim seems to be the display of a quite irrelevant virtuosity. "Decorations by Waring"! They should have been countermanded.

The demands made on an actor by the part of Iago are wholly intellectual. The chief need of the part of Othello is a special kind of physique. As I have suggested, there was no reason to expect that Mr. Waring would not be a very capable Iago. There was, however, no doubt that Mr. Forbes Robertson ought not to appear as the Moor. His performance has, at least, the advantage of being no disappointment. It is essential that Othello be a man of solid bulk—a magnificent animal, stately in repose, savagely terrible in passion. When Mr. Robertson came on the stage, one felt that here was not Othello, arraigned before the Senators, but Hamlet playing an Oriental part in some play before the dons at the University of Wittenberg. Instead of the calm, majestic Moor, we saw a quick-witted, highly-strung, highly-refined student, who might subsequently be goaded to the verge of hysteria, but hardly through dark depths of passion to the

committing of crime. Mr. Robertson's conception of Othello is, no doubt, impeccable. But Nature debars him from showing it to us. He cannot suggest the brute grandeur or the brute passion of Othello. In the scene of Desdemona's murder he is at his best, but he is so because here Othello ceases to be Othello, avowing that he will slay his wife not because she has betrayed his trust in her, but as an act of moral precaution—"else she'll betray more men". Admirable, again, is he when, at last, Othello is subdued by the ruin that he has wrought and by his impending suicide. But in the other scenes—the earlier, needing the extreme of static force, and the later, needing the extreme of dynamic force—Mr. Robertson merely fails to perform an impossible task.

Intellectually and emotionally, then, we cannot be pleased by "Othello" as now enacted at the Lyric Theatre. Instead of a giant caught in the toils of a devil, we see a student scored off by a fop. There remains the question of auric pleasure—is the poetry well treated by the company? Needless to say that Mr. Robertson so declaims it that every phrase and cadence has its due beauty. Pleasant to add that Miss Gertrude Elliott, as Desdemona, speaks it very prettily, and that Mr. Sydney Valentine, as Brabantio, rolls it out impressively. Horrid not to be able to acquit any other one of letting it go hang. MAX.

#### INSURANCE AS SUBSTITUTE FOR CONSOLS.

IN April of next year the interest from Consols will be reduced from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., and it is reported that in view of this decrease in the rate of interest many people are selling Consols with a view to obtaining more remunerative investments. Apparently many of the people who are selling Consols are permanent holders of their investments, and the difference between  $2\frac{1}{2}$  and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. in their incomes makes a considerable and uncomfortable difference. If the question of selling Consols arises, it is inevitably followed by the further question "What is to be done with the proceeds of the sale"? There is of course a large selection of gilt-edged securities, the return upon which is better than the yield from Consols, and the security abundant. At the best the interest is low, and the capital value of the investment is subject to fluctuation with perhaps a more probable decrease than increase. It is therefore opportune to point out once more that by combining life assurance with an annuity it is possible to obtain the most complete security, a remunerative rate of interest, and an absence of variation in capital value. At the present price of Consols the rate of interest yielded, when the change to  $2\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. takes place next April, is less than  $2\frac{1}{4}$  per cent.; but by combining a life policy with an annuity it is possible to obtain over  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. upon the capital invested, and the certain return of the full amount of the capital at death. To obtain this result it is necessary to take a life policy in one office, and an annuity in another, and a medical examination has to be made before the life policy is issued. Moreover so high a return as this cannot be obtained by women; in consequence of the less favourable rates of annuity that are given to females. It is, however, possible for men and women, irrespective of age and without medical examination, to secure the return of their capital in full, interest upon it half-yearly at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, without the possibility of decrease, and with the certainty of an increase in income after the first five years to a rate of probably more than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The security for this investment is not inferior to that of Consols themselves. The return of the capital unimpaired and the half-yearly payment of interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum are absolutely guaranteed by the Norwich Union Life Office, while the increase of income beyond the guaranteed 3 per cent. is dependent upon the future profits of the company. As, however, the office holds reserves sufficient to meet all its liabilities in the event of the rate of interest upon its funds being much less than it is likely to earn, the rate of mortality being greater

than is probable, and the expenditure higher than is being incurred, the declaration of future bonuses at a good rate is a practical certainty, and the failure of the office to fulfil the guaranteed conditions of its contracts is as inconceivable as the failure of the British Government to pay the interest upon the National Debt.

These conditions of absolute security are in no way confined to the Norwich Union: there are many British Life Offices of long standing and high position, the security of which is equally unimpeachable; but this company quotes in its prospectuses a policy particularly suitable to the requirements of holders of Consols, and its financial position is unsurpassed by any other office in the kingdom. In the event of it being necessary to realise the security during the lifetime of the investor the society guarantees a return of not less than 95 per cent. of the purchase money, and probably after the policy had been in force for a few years the full amount invested could be obtained upon surrender. We do not quite know how the society arrives at the results which it quotes. The investment is a combination of a life assurance policy and an annuity, and it is probable that it may be so arranged that the premium may be payable out of the annuity, in which case a rebate of income-tax not exceeding one-sixth of the investor's income could be claimed upon the amount paid for premiums. Then the investment would be still more remunerative than it appears to be from the figures we have already given. Such an investment as this is a peculiarly attractive alternative to Consols: the guaranteed returns are greatly superior to those of British Government stocks; the security being absolute in both cases there is practically no choice between them on this ground, and that the income will be greater than the 3 per cent. guaranteed is beyond doubt.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE COMPLETION OF THE PANAMÁ CANAL. WHEN AND AT WHAT PRICE?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Junior Constitutional Club, S.W.

SIR,—The Panamá Canal cost the French nation nearly £80,000,000 sterling and is not half constructed. There are difficulties and obstacles of the gravest kind in the excavation of the Culebra Mountain, the damming and derivation of the Chágres River and the construction of ports, jetties and quays at Panamá and Colon. The question is will the Americans or American Government, in the event of their obtaining from the Colombian Government a concession not overburdened with exigencies of a political and financial nature, build it, how long will they take, and what will be the cost? As an official and one of the original founders of the Panamá Canal from its very birth in Paris, having accompanied the first expedition to Panamá, and being now the only survivor in England of the original pioneers, I can speak from mature experience and authority on this great enterprise. I left France on 6 January, 1881, forming one of the Commission of Pioneers who went out to organise the different services on the Isthmus (Colon, Panamá and line of canal) and remained until the suspension of the works and consequent failure of the construction. I assisted at the initial surveys, the building of houses and sheds, the fitting up of machinery, and the importation of labourers.

In February 1881 the majority of the inhabitants were without resources and ill clad. In the winter the town was a collection of ponds and pools, in the summer the dust was blinding. From this state of penury in which Panamá and Colon were plunged, the advent of the pioneers of the Canal and their subsequent residence on the Isthmus, followed by the successive arrivals of the staff, traders, labourers and seekers of contracts and employment, changed the face of the Isthmus. The second year of our arrival saw the inhabitants thriving and on the road to comfort and ease.

The engineering staff of the French company per-



ceived that they had a stupendous task to carry out. First and foremost they had to face the dangers of the climate. Fevers are prevalent and yellow fever exists in an endemic form all the year round. It sometimes becomes an epidemic at the change of the seasons, that is in April and May at the end of the dry season, and in September and October at the conclusion of the wet season. In the winter months everything is soaked by torrents of rain, mildew attacks shoes and apparel of every description, trees and bush grow on the house-tops, and work in the cuttings and trenches of the Canal is rendered most difficult and unpleasant. The heat is of a damp nature and people are always in a state of dripping perspiration. In the summer months the heat is excessive, everything is parched and water is very scarce. Wells have to be dug and water brought from a rivulet called the Matasnillo, impure in its aspect, and selling at 10 cents a bucket. These are the first two dangers one has to contend with, fever and lack of water in the dry weather, and floods in the rainy season. These two incidents alone will make the contractor understand that he has really speaking six months to work properly and effectively, for during the other period of six months he will find his "chantiers" inundated with water and lined with mud. Add to these incidents the constant occurrence of revolutions when you have to be barricaded in your homes for three or four weeks, dependent upon the contents of your provisions in store, generally tinned goods, to exist until the end of the siege.

The Isthmus of Panamá is volcanic as the excavations and borings have proved at both ends of the Isthmus. In September 1882 we had a tremendous shock which lasted fifty-two seconds, followed by continuous shocks until May 1883. The first shock was strong enough to destroy the pillars of the Chambers of Deputies, stones from the Cathedral fell in the public square and nearly all the houses and steeples of churches were fissured. These seismic disturbances are not frequent but they exist and are ready to recur at any moment.

Such are the physical difficulties you have to contend with on the Isthmus. Next as to what I term the engineering difficulties—the damming of the Chagres and the cutting of the Culebra Mountain. When MM. Couvreux and Hersent sent their engineers on the Isthmus they calculated that a dam thrown across the valley near Gamboa, a few miles from the sources of the Chagres, would intercept the river in its course and prevent its flowing directly into the Canal. This plan, they thought, would avoid disturbing the water in the bed of the Canal. The dam was to collect the waters of the Chagres and to form in its rear a large lake of 200,000,000 cubic metres of water. This immense body was regulated in its exit through the locks in such a way as to prevent a rapid current from being created in the bed of the Canal. This plan only lasted a few months; for on his arrival M. Boyer, the celebrated French engineer, ridiculed it, proving that in the rainy season the freshets rose from 20 to 30 feet in a single night, and the pressure and rush of such an enormous volume of water would burst the dam and flood the whole country, doing it incalculable damage and destruction, in fact a Noah's deluge. M. Boyer after careful study proposed a different plan. It was to construct a small dam near the sources of the Chagres to carry away its waters in a "derivation" (an artificial bed excavated parallel with the line of canal) to the east of Colon near Porto Bello. The artificial was to be deeper than the natural bed in order to receive and carry away the surplus waters caused by the freshets, and thus impede the river from crossing and recrossing the bed of the Canal as it does now. From the sources of the Chagres near Gamboa to the outlet near Colon is nearly 30 miles: so a small canal of about 50 feet wide, and 10 feet deep, has to be built for 30 miles. There is no other better solution to this problem at present.

Now comes the peculiar and difficult problem the cutting of the Culebra Mountain. It will be a gigantic task if they make a "canal à niveau" (a level canal without locks) which I do not think they contemplate, but one with locks. The Culebra is a mountain 312 feet high, of which not half has been excavated. The peculiarity of the mountain is to move so as to

close the gap you open by excavation. The French term for this is "foisonné". To make the water-way safe it is natural I suppose to face the sides of the mountain as you would the entrance of harbour works so as to prevent this extraordinary feature or freak of nature. The length of the mountain from the introit to exit is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, so one can imagine the sides of a mountain 300 feet high and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles long faced with stone or any other substance to render it stationary. Then for locks. The rise and fall of the tide on the Pacific and Atlantic termini must be taken into consideration, that is, the locks must be a chef d'œuvre of large and powerful structure to compete with or sustain the unequal rise and fall of the tides on the Pacific side. The Atlantic rises and falls only 6 inches whilst the Pacific rise and fall are between 18 and 22 feet.

The only real work done on the Canal was the section from Gatun to Bohio Soldado, a distance of about nineteen miles. This cutting was dredged out by the American Contracting and Dredging Company managed by MM. H. B. and M. A. Slavin, two able and clever Canadian contractors. This section was but partly dredged owing to the failure of the financial resources of the Canal company. They encountered in their dredging plots and blocks of dolerite and stone which have to be blasted. Since the suspension of the works in 1887 the banks have become forests of luxuriant vegetation and the bed has been partly filled up with the earth of the banks slipping and caving in. The work will have to be gone over in this section as well as in many others. As I said, the sum expended by the French Company approaches £80,000,000. How much more money will be requisite to make the Canal navigable and opened to the traffic of the world? I say another £40,000,000 and to do this it will require ten years. Will the Americans bear the brunt of such an enterprise?

Yours faithfully,

TANKERVILLE CHAMBERLAINE.

#### THE HUSTLING AWAY OF JAMES II.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Union Club, Trafalgar Square, S.W.  
14 December, 1902.

SIR,—The Parthian shaft has apparently stuck, and with good reason; for the writer of the article on Gibbons in the Dictionary of National Biography, after weighing the evidence on the question, declares that Gibbons was Dutch and of Dutch origin. The decisive authority quoted is a letter among the Ashmolean MSS. in the Bodleian. Perhaps "F. C. H." can throw some further light on the matter.

C. W.

#### BAD LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Southsea, 29 November, 1902.

SIR,—There is one curious point in this correspondence which strikes me forcibly. All your correspondents manifest certain knowledge as to what constitutes "bad" language. How have they arrived at this knowledge? What constitutes bad language, and how did it become so? This would be interesting research for the philologist. Many words now considered coarse or improper were in current use a century or so ago, as anyone can discover from old writers and obsolete dictionaries. But still the question remains, "Why are certain words recognised as quite unthinkable; and what was their genesis?"

For myself, many of the words I overhear amongst navvies, &c., are quite devoid of any meaning whatever, and the circumstance that some of your correspondents easily associate whatever meaning is intended with the words used, reminds me of the story of the lady who complained to Dr. Johnson that his Dictionary contained so many naughty words. "Ah! Madam" said the Doctor rebukingly "you have been looking for them".

Yours truly,

ALFRED J. HENWOOD.

## REVIEWS.

## STEELE THE SHOWMAN.

"Essays of Richard Steele." Selected and Edited by L. E. Steele. London: Macmillan. 1902. 2s.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ghosts still visit the shades of the moon. The selector and publisher will persist in embodying them in collections which may tend to give them the appearance of life: but they are indeed as near dead as possible so far as their works are concerned. We read about them with pleasure still; the age interests us; though it has been whispered of late that the archæology and biography of it have been overdone. But we will not read them. There was the monumental edition of Richardson a short time ago. We wonder how many people have been persuaded to read the portentous volumes who were not readers of Richardson before: a select band of professed students. Dare anybody make a similar edition of Johnson? Some still read Burke but not the "Sublime and the Beautiful": and in pure literature the only two of the period when Boswell was writing about Johnson, with the exception of Boswell himself, who are still readable, are Fielding and Goldsmith. A little further back we have Swift, Addison, Steele, Pope; and who would buy their works with the intention of reading them? Mr. Lecky and other industrious writers read them, to write histories and biographies for those who like social and political gossip and the flavour of old times; but nobody for purely literary enjoyment. Gulliver is alive but "Cato" is dead, and though Swift was an infinitely superior pamphleteer to Steele we should as soon think of reading one as the other. The Hanoverian Succession, and the Conduct of the War by the Allies, and the Fortifications of Dunkirk are not precisely topics that we care to know much about now. Old libraries still have heirlooms of the "Spectator" and the "Tatler"; relics of a time when Addison and Steele were models of elegant English. Who has not seen the long rows of them in their faded brown and gold bindings veritable monuments of the departed whose repose nobody will disturb? From time to time the Clarendon Press or an American University thinks a collection ought to be made from this funeral mass only because they are not modern. That has been done for Steele; and then it occurs to Mr. Steele, the collector of the essays in the present volume, that really we could do with less Steele in these days: and the present very little book is the result. We ourselves should have condensed it still further and should not have cared for much more than two of the theatrical essays "The Death of Estcourt" and "Betterton the Actor". But it is somewhat excessive praise to compare them with Elia's "The Acting of Munden" or "On Some of the Old Actors". It is a small residuum from the voluminous mass of printed matter Steele turned out. There are about seventy essays from the "Spectator" the "Tatler" and the "Guardian"; and Steele's contributions to the "Spectator" alone were 236. The plays, and the controversial pamphlets, and the verse and the "Apology" are quite hopeless. The remarkable thing about them is only that they, and even the superior productions of the same kind turned out by Addison, should have been so popular. But Steele knew his public and if he was not a writer of genius he was a consummate showman. He hit upon the device of appealing to the tastes of the middle-class woman of the day, and anticipated the modern editor by nearly two hundred years in discovering this first principle of success for a popular periodical.

Another device of which he saw the possibilities very early in the history of the Olla-Podrida Publication was the pretence of improving the morals and the fashions of smart people by descanting on their vices and foibles and extravagant habits. This has always proved an attractive bait. The writer can use up every kind of scandal, and touch on every topic of prurency, and do his sensation-mongering under the pretext of acting as a moral censor. Steele stopped short of the developments of which his scheme showed itself to be possible afterwards, but he had the ingenuity to

be the father of it. Swift said he chose the title of the "Tatler" in honour of the fair sex. If the contents of his periodicals are no longer worth reading, and it would be astonishing if they were seeing to whom they were addressed and what their object was, their titles are. It would be worth the while of the publishers of cheap periodicals to consider Steele's taste in titles. The "Spectator" calls for no particular remark: it is obvious and commonplace: but "Town Talk" "The Tea Table" "Chit-Chat" could hardly be bettered even by Mr. T. P. O'Connor who reproduces with such remarkable fidelity the sentimentalities, the exuberance, and the shrewdness of his long-since-departed Irish compatriot. Then there was the "Ladies' Library". It gives us a remarkable glimpse of the woman of the eighteenth century who could be beguiled by the twaddle in which Steele explained his idea. It is in an essay "Advice to Ladies on Exercise and Education" in Mr. Steele's collection. "This collection of books" says this exploiter of feminism "shall consist of such authors as do not corrupt while they divert, but shall tend more immediately to improve them as they are women. They shall be such as shall not hurt a feature by the austerity of their reflections, nor cause one impertinent glance by the wantonness of them. They shall all tend to advance the value of their innocence as virgins, improve their understanding as wives, and regulate their tenderness as parents". And the women of the day could stand folios of such stuff and the men too; though it is not difficult to understand what must have been the sentiments of the grim masculine Swift on his flabby contemporary.

As the facts of Steele's actual life were what they were, we do not wonder that his unctuousness caused him to be regarded by his opponents as a hypocrite and adventurer. It is worth noting how business shrewdness and sentimentalities go together in feminists like Steele and Richardson, and if a man who combines them is suspected of hypocrisy it is not astonishing. The distinguishing mark of all hypocrites in literature has been exactly this particular combination; and it is the expression of the common sentiment on the matter. The Tartuffes, Mawworms, Pecksniffs, Chadbands and Stigginses are all of this type. It is not a matter of any consequence, except to those who may have been tricked and betrayed by him during his life, whether a man was a hypocrite or not, at least in such a case as Steele's. Nothing of importance to us turns on that question; but it does appear to be the fact that the very natural suspicions about Steele have been shown to be untrue: and we can agree with Mr. Steele that the "misrepresentations of Lord Macaulay and the picturesque inaccuracies of Thackeray" may be forgotten. As to forgiveness, which we are asked to grant to Macaulay, he himself would not forgive anyone who asked him to spoil an effective picture for the inartistic purpose of making it more like the real thing. But however it may be with Steele's biography as a study in psychology, and it is very curious, it is of little importance for literature, because he produced nothing which makes it worth the trouble of applying the psychological test.

## QUEEN VICTORIA AS STATESWOMAN.

"Queen Victoria: a Biography." By Sidney Lee. London: Smith, Elder. 1902. 10s. 6d.

FOR forty years Queen Victoria was so little in evidence, and appeared so rarely in the capital that the maxim "The Queen reigns but does not govern" sank deep into the popular mind. It was understood that the Queen discharged her routine duties with industrious regularity, and that she took a becoming interest in all public movements, political and philanthropic. But nothing more than this was suspected. Mr. Sidney Lee's pages reveal an eager and active politician, working hard every day with tongue and pen to guide her country in the direction in which she thought that it ought to move. To say that Victoria was not a partisan is nonsense. She was a Tory, and, putting aside Lord Melbourne, the tutor of her girlish days, she was warmly attached to Peel and to Beaconsfield,



while she hated her Liberal Premiers, Palmerston and Gladstone, with feminine intensity, for which, it must be granted, she had good personal reasons, apart from politics. (She objected to Gladstone for one thing because he "always addressed her as though she were a public meeting.") We use the word Tory in the sense in which Lord Beaconsfield employed it, for Victoria did not belong to the reactionary school of Liverpool and Eldon. She sympathised with Sir Robert Peel's conversion to Free Trade, though Lord Melbourne told her it was "damned dishonest"—and she shared Disraeli's views about the extension of the franchise. In Church matters she was broadly Erastian, if not latitudinarian. She hated anything like bigotry or religious persecution, and was opposed to Lord John Russell's futile Ecclesiastical Titles Act, but inconsistently she supported Tait and Disraeli in their attempt to "put down Ritualism." But in truth the late Queen cared little for domestic politics, believing foreign affairs to be her sphere. This was the reason why she could not get on with two such opposite men as Palmerston and Gladstone, for Palmerston thought she interfered in foreign politics too much, and Gladstone could not interest her in his various schemes of domestic reform. Theoretically, of course, Queen Victoria was wrong, for the principle of ministerial responsibility is not consistent with the Sovereign's interference in either domestic or foreign policy. Yet calmly reviewing the course of European politics during the last sixty years by the aid of Mr. Lee's book, it is impossible to say that the Queen's constant and vigorous interference by correspondence with her Ministers and foreign sovereigns was not on the whole beneficial. Between 1840 and 1860 Her Majesty was entirely under the guidance of her husband: the hand was the hand of Victoria: but the voice was the voice of Albert. After the latter's death the Queen's one object was to continue his foreign policy: "his spirit still ruled her from his urn". Now the Prince Consort knew quite as much about European politics as Lord Palmerston, and he was, in a sense, better educated than the great Minister. But there probably exist in this world no two types more antipodean to one another than a German princeling and a British aristocrat. Hence it came about that these two very clever men were always at loggerheads. Palmerston was boisterously sympathetic with all revolutionary movements on the Continent: the Queen and the Prince Consort were angrily opposed to them. We do not mean to say that Victoria and her husband were not largely guided by their prejudices in favour of their royal relatives and friends. They could not help being so. King Leopold of Belgium was the Queen's uncle, and stood to her in the place of a father. Her eldest daughter was the Crown Princess of Prussia: the large family of Saxe-Coburg were her cousins, as were some of the Bourbons: the Princess of Wales was the King of Denmark's daughter: and as time went on these relationships multiplied themselves. But we do say that the royalist prejudices of the Queen were a better guide to her than the revolutionary prejudices of Palmerston were to the Government of England. After all, in the course of her long reign, Victoria only made one mistake in her ideas of foreign policy, namely, her opposition to the unification of Italy, which was due to her friendship for the Emperor of Austria, and her dislike of Victor Emmanuel.

The key-note, the *idée mère*, of the Queen's European policy was a strong Prussia, and events have accomplished her desire. It puzzles us that so shrewd a man as Bismarck should not have discerned in Queen Victoria a valuable ally in his own designs; instead of which, he was jealous of her influence, and contemptuous of her intelligence. Palmerston, on the other hand, seems to us to have made blunder after blunder in foreign politics, and he nearly always did so in defiance of the wishes of his Sovereign. It was undoubtedly Palmerston that drew us into the alliance with Napoleon, which cost us the Crimean War, one of the greatest mistakes this country ever committed.

So far from regretting Victoria's interference in foreign politics, we wish it had been more effective, for it would have saved us some modern

wars. But though the Queen was always for peace, when once we were in a war she was all for carrying it through to a successful issue. She despised Gladstone's policy after Majuba; and when the expedition for the relief of Gordon was in preparation she let her Ministers have no rest. Mr. Lee tells us that she addressed no fewer than seventeen notes in one day to Mr. Childers, at that time Secretary of State for War. This reminds us that in addition to foreign politics the Queen regarded the Army as her peculiar province, as, in fact, an appanage of the Crown. There is, or was, a theory that the Sovereign is the head of the Army, which the old Duke of Wellington encouraged by the inconceivably foolish proposal that the Prince Consort should be appointed Commander-in-Chief, much to Victoria's delight, though her husband was wise enough to refuse. But in 1871 Gladstone and Cardwell put the Commander-in-Chief under the Secretary of State, and on the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge in 1895 the tenure of office was reduced to five years. Thus was the last prerogative of the Crown taken away, and there is no doubt that the Queen felt it bitterly. Mr. Lee expresses in his preface some surprise at the frankness with which the "Times" and other papers attacked Victoria in the sixties for her determination to live a retired life at Balmoral and Osborne. Frankness is Mr. Lee's word; ours is brutality, for the object of these attacks was a woman and a widow, for whom no reply was possible. In his concluding chapter Mr. Sidney Lee is also very frank, though not in the least brutal, on this subject. There is no doubt, of course, that Queen Victoria carried her passion for seclusion to the point of self-indulgence. A monarch has no right to a private life: that is one of the penalties of the place. The Sovereign is the chief of what Bagehot calls the ceremonial parts of our Constitution, and by neglecting his or her function in this respect, he or she may imperil the institution. Granted that Queen Victoria was selfish and inconsiderate in this respect, and that she became unpopular between the death of her husband in 1861 and Disraeli's accession to power in 1874, Lord Beaconsfield gave the Queen a new lease of life, in both senses of the term, by inducing her gradually to take some part in public life. But if a shrinking from publicity was Victoria's foible, is this the heaviest charge that can be brought against her? We believe it is, and, when we remember the foibles of her predecessors, the charge becomes almost ridiculous in its levity. Mr. Sidney Lee's Biography should be read by everyone who wishes to know the character and habits of this strong, simple woman, with her vehement family affections, and her clear, though few, ideas. There are one or two inaccuracies in the book, hardly worth mentioning. Sir Robert Peel did not dissolve on taking office in December 1834; the General Election took place in May 1835. Not Lord Aberdeen, but Lord Clarendon, was the Foreign Secretary after the Crimean war, to whom the Tsar was introduced. The majority by which Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was defeated in 1886 was not 92 but 30. But these are corrigible details, and do not detract from the merits of the work, which are undeniable.

#### MR. MERIVALE'S DIGRESSIONS.

"Bar, Stage, and Platform: Autobiographic Memories."

By Herman Charles Merivale. London: Chatto and Windus. 1902. 6s.

VERY early in Mr. Herman Merivale's vastly diverting volume, which besides diversion contains much that is in the best and truest sense interesting, is found a confession of what may by some readers be considered a fault. For Mr. Merivale writes as follows in apology for, or rather as an explanation of, a particular digression: "Digression is part of me whatever it may be worth. What readers I may find will accept mine as a roving commission, and remember that by my own confession I never stick to anything in subject apparently as in other things. My pen must have its way and follow its sweet will". It is assuredly "an honest method" thus early and frankly to warn or tell readers of what

they have to expect. And the volume is just of that kind in which digression is almost allowable, since it resembles in character the unforced and natural talk of a man who has seen many cities men and things, and discourses of them in the pleasantest way just as the various matters suggest themselves to him.

Let us take Mr. Merivale's book as it is, granting the digressions, and let us be allowed to deal first with such faults, much in a minority, as can be found with it. Some of these are but slips, but in reading any work by a writer of such attainments as Mr. Merivale, slips unavoidably catch one's attention. Thus there is a new story about Jowett who asked the author to a breakfast party to meet "some ladies from London". The party turned out very dull, and Jowett suddenly, in a silence, without any preamble delivered himself of this portentous remark: "Merivale is a man who looks at everything from a Shakespearean point of view." Now this may or may not have been true, but curiously enough it is on a matter of Shakespeare that we first find Mr. Merivale tripping and it is on matters of Shakespeare that we find ourselves totally and absolutely at variance with him. He refers, discussing Shylock, to "one passage from which he appears to have once given his wife a turquoise, which his daughter stole, and to have missed it considerably". Here with one ruthless stroke Mr. Merivale cuts off root and branch the one piece of unmingled pathos that Shakespeare put into the Jew's mouth. Tubal has just told him that Jessica has given a ring in exchange for a monkey. Shylock bursts out with "Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise: I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys". Observe that there is no regret expressed for the value of the ring, no mention of his giving it to his wife. On the contrary she gave it to him before they were married, and therein lies the "torture" of Jessica's having lightly bartered it for a monkey. It is an odd slip on Mr. Merivale's part, and it may have helped to colour his whole theory of the character, for the author states that the sympathy claimed by more than one actor of the first rank for Shylock rests entirely on this "one passage" so unchancily misrepresented by Mr. Merivale. He has previously described Shylock as a "mere monster, a man who comes into court deliberately to cut away a pound of flesh from another's heart because he wouldn't ask interest on his loans". Apart from Jowett's thunderclap of speech Mr. Merivale is well known to be, in spite of that curious slip, a deeply read student of Shakespeare, one of whose subtlest creations—Touchstone—he played on a memorable occasion to the Rosalind of Miss Helen Faucit. Yet it is matter for doubt, or possibly one should say there is no room for doubt, whether many brother-students will agree with him on this head. This pronouncement occurs in the same chapter as does the other thing of which we needs must fall foul. The chapter, for the rest brilliant as well as interesting, is headed "About the Acting of Charles Kean and Fechter", and it is in close collocation with a descriptive passage which makes Fechter's Iago speak and move before one that Mr. Merivale in a few lines dismisses an opinion which cannot be called "a hole-and-corner" one concerning "Othello" as a play. "Of all Shakespeare's tragedies", he writes, and in so writing will surely astonish a good many honest folk, "'Othello' is the weakest for all its glorious wealth of poetry and tongue. The motive is so weak, so all unlike the motive power of 'Lear' or 'Romeo', 'Hamlet' or 'Macbeth'." And all that for a pocket-handkerchief! (E tutto questo per un fazzoletto) was the Italian lady's comment when she saw the play". So once did another lady, not an Italian, and quite capable of understanding Goethe's "Faust" had she considered it seriously, exclaim in a careless moment "And all this about the betrayal of one peasant girl!" Mr. Merivale continues to say that "Everything happens without excuse. Othello is an ass—Desdemona an idiot—Iago a knave". This of course does not aim at being criticism as the word is usually understood. It is an expression, a very forcible one, of personal opinion, and is doubtless a terse and simple way of summing up the characteristics of the chief personages in "Othello".

But again one need not doubt as to the opinion of fellow-students concerning this strange laying down of the law, occurring as it does in the midst of the most attractive and pleasing recollections and descriptions. Dealing with Fechter's Iago the author notes one point of "business" which we have not previously seen commemorated in print—a point as effective as it was admirable in conception and reasoning. After observing how, upon Emilia's burst which finds him out, Fechter's Iago held his tongue not like a baffled villain but with an air of conquering contempt, Mr. Merivale goes on to say that "Once, after the Council scene, he stayed alone upon the stage, behind the rest, and having it all to himself broke into one clear laugh of triumphant enjoyment. Then sharply turned and put his finger to his lips, and went".

The power of describing acting so as to give the reader a vivid idea of it is a gift, to be cultivated like other gifts with industry and art. Many critics strive after it in vain. Here is another instance of Mr. Merivale's mastery in this regard. He is writing of certain performances at that most agreeable of playhouses, the old Dresden theatre, burnt down in the long long ago, where he was fortunate enough to see such actors as Fräulein Ulrich and Herren Devrient and Dawisen playing together. He notes that Dawisen played Shylock as a mere savage, and goes on to hit off in a few words the actor's "quaint conception" as he justly calls it, of Benedick. "He was a rough soldier of fortune out of his element, amusedly puzzled by the fine company he got into, making the jests of a Diogenes or a Timon on humankind as he saw it, useful for his sword alone and feeling it, disliking women heartily from a mistrust of his own ill-favoured phiz, and at first bothered, then boyishly delighted, at the idea of a girl like Beatrice falling in love with such as him." Truly an original presentment of Benedick and one that must have been well worth seeing when put forth by such an artist as Dawisen who, by the way, if the portrait that used to hang in the foyer of the old theatre was like him, must have "made up" considerably to appear ill-favoured.

It is not to be supposed because we have dwelt specially on Shakespeare and the drama that the volume is mainly devoted to matters theatrical. On the contrary it deals with quiddid agunt homines with a comprehensiveness which includes grave as well as gay but never drops to tedium. The opening sentence is characteristic "In the first place, Mr. Merivale, where are The Colonies?" This question was addressed by Palmerston who had just taken over for a time Lord John Russell's business as Secretary for the Colonies, to the author's father, for many years permanent secretary at the Colonial Office, and there is a deal of interest in the first chapter which begins in this alert and abrupt fashion. We must not spoil the book by picking out the plums of reminiscence and anecdote, but as we have given a new story of Jowett, let us end with a new one of Thompson, famed as Master of Trinity. He was walking with the author one day at Kissingen when a befurred and most distinguished-looking personage passed them and saluted the Master with a courteous freedom. "Just what I was saying" Dr. Thompson remarked when he was gone. "You and I couldn't have done it like that. Superiority without patronage. So thoroughly affable." "What is he?" I said "a Russian nobleman?" "No; he's my courier."

#### NOVELS.

"Lavinia." By Rhoda Broughton. London: Macmillan. 1902. 6s.

Something—possibly the Boer war—has interfered with the development of Miss Broughton's talent. She retains her happy knack of presenting a foolish woman in a few touches, but in "Lavinia" she has little else to offer of the qualities which made such books as "Joan" and "Belinda" attractive. We find ourselves, by the way, imitating her annoying cultivation of the present tense. Lavinia, like many other maidens, hovers between love and duty. Love is a wounded V.C., Duty



a first cousin believed to be rather a muff. It takes 320 pages to kill Duty, against whom from the first the betting ran heavily. Miss Broughton used to possess something which, if not style, was an excellent substitute for it, but that something seems to have disappeared. And we cannot quite see anyone falling in love with Lavinia. On the other hand, the men in the book are none of them caricatures.

"Badmanstow." By E. M. Haverfield. London: Allen. 1902. 6s.

There is a flavour in this story of life and society to-day in a gossip English provincial town that reminds us not a little of Mary Russell Mitford; but it is "Our Village" plus something of the satire of "Mansfield Park". Mrs. Marshall indeed in "Badmanstow" at first recalls quite naturally the aunt in Jane Austen's story, though we discover later on that she is not quite so bad as her snubbing of her niece, Cicely the general drudge, led us to suppose. Whether this discovery will always please the reader we doubt: he may feel he has been cheated out of a first-class dragon; and who does not like his dragon or two in the story-books? We should say that this picture of the upper grades of society in a little typical English town had been drawn from life. It all looks so peaceful and inoffensive, and yet, like the village in "Maud", is fairly bubbling up with small scandal. It need not be said of this novel that it is sure to have a place on the table of every country house: that way of saying things, that exact phrase, belongs of right apparently to such columns as appeal chiefly to Clerkenwell. But we hope Mrs. Haverfield will do some more country-life stories like "Badmanstow". She should be able to write short tales too. It is some time since anything of the sort has been done better than the passage of arms between Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Butterford in this book.

"The Coming of Sonia and other Stories." By Mrs. Hamilton Syngé. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1902. 6s.

"I always think of ideas as sort of unborn spirits waiting for their bodies. Often a fine idea is put into such poor words, it doesn't express it in the least. Like a beautiful soul caged in a poor inadequate body." This profound thought expressed by one of the characters in the first story of this volume might well pass as an adequate criticism of the book—only "the fine idea" is lacking.

"Life, the Interpreter." By Phyllis Bottome. London: Longmans. 1902. 6s.

This story begins in a promising fashion, but the promise is not altogether fulfilled. Starting with the work of a young lady in a slum-land "club" in Stepney it affords some painful glimpses of life and character among the submerged, but as we get on towards the close the story tails off somewhat into the ordinary style of the cheap novelette. Some of the characters seem cast in moulds which have been used again and again; Gladys the girl who loves Jack, the man beloved by Muriel, succeeds first in getting Muriel's engagement with Jack broken and later in marrying him herself, to be unhappy before the waning of the "moon". At last, thanks to Muriel, she settles down into a fairly happy jog-trot married life and Muriel transfers her affection to a worthier object. About half a dozen matrimonial couples are presented all apparently interpreting life in differing fashions. The story is, to borrow a word from another art, "woolly".

"The Thousand Eugenias and Other Stories." By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. London: Edward Arnold. 1902. 6s.

Although there are ten stories in Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's new volume the first is considerably longer than the other nine put together. The title of "The Thousand Eugenias" is ingenious; it piques the curiosity of the reader—which is no bad quality in a title—and when the reader has followed the course of the tale he finds that its name is the inevitable one. The story, which is concerned with some straight and some shady financial folk, centres in a delightful young

governess who at a crisis in her solitary life discovers a monied uncle who while glad to welcome her as a relative is compelled to leave her for a while in Paris the companion of a couple of adventurers. It is a capital piece of sensationalism. The shorter stories are well-conceived episodes pleasantly presented and show that the author is a close observer of "everyday character". If Mrs. Sidgwick has not given us a book in any way startling she has given us one that should easily hold its own among current circulating-library fiction.

"The Man of the Hour." By Sir William Magnay, Bart. London: Ward, Lock. 1902. 6s.

Richard Tressingham was "a man standing high above most of his fellows, whose manifest power and capacity were now tempered by a gracious, if reserved, manner". This somewhat confused description is of an amazingly successful man who manages to conceal his past, his name and his origin even in the fierce light of publicity. He has presented a battleship to the nation, his son is a V.C., he has wealth and political influence; a fine intellect and unbending will, the King cables about him to the Italian Ambassador; nothing apparently is wanting to his success, but he has a guilty past, the accidental death of a man is on his conscience, and he must needs give himself away by a series of perfectly unnecessary and idiotic blunders—and the author can think of nothing better than heart failure to get him out of his difficulties. The minor characters are unendurably vulgar and ridiculous, and the comic relief of Mrs. Greetham and her lovers exasperating to the last degree.

## ANNUALS.

The annual volume of "Book Prices Current" (London: Stock) is before us. If there be any necessity for a publication of this kind we do not think anyone is better fitted for the task than Mr. Slater. He is annually getting more self-effacing and accurate and we notice several improvements in this volume which is really well printed, well bound, easy to use and a credit to the publisher. We wish we knew on what grounds Mr. Slater selects sales for "Book Prices Current". Judging by the preface one would infer that he is influenced by the total amounts realised, but on examining the volume we find in it at least half a dozen or even more sales which average much less a lot than other sales which are not referred to; neither do we find in these sales any books of particular interest. Mr. Slater is fond of averages but as they are dependent on the auctioneers' ideas of cataloguing we think they are not reliable. Publishers would have been saved much expense and the public would have had a handier volume had many sales been altogether left out. Notwithstanding the errors and a few indications of carelessness the volume is so correct that Mr. Slater may well congratulate himself that he has made any rival publication impossible. For our own part we think all publications of this kind are harmful rather than beneficial and we believe they are largely responsible for that modern humbug the amateur dealer.

The "Century" volume combines the picturesque with the weighty and the entertaining. Mr. R. S. Baker's articles on the Great South-West of the United States are accompanied by two admirable illustrations in colour by Maxfeld Parrish, lending point to the sentence "Here are the greatest deserts and waste places in America and side by side with them are the richest farming lands in America". A series of articles on Volcanoes by various experts and observers deals with S. Pierre, S. Vincent, Vesuvius and others. Mr. Henry L. Nelson's account of "Washington the Capital of our Democracy" would be better worth reading if he did not commit himself to such pompous absurdities as that "nothing essentially unsound or mean can long survive in a democracy; there is too much soundness at the heart". Mr. Randall Blackshaw's article on the new New York which is being created by the lavish expenditure of municipal and individual wealth and energy will be read with interest by all municipal reformers. "St. Nicholas" is in a way the young folks' "Century". It is well done whether from the literary or the artistic standpoint.

"Debrett's Peerage" (Dean. 31s. 6d. net) for 1903 has again involved a great amount of labour in revision owing to the unprecedented number of honours—2,850—in 1902. The Editor explains that the total for the year is equivalent to the collective numbers of the previous eleven years. "Debrett" is also issued now in a thin-paper edition at a cost of 50s. net. The growth in the Honours list has made "Whitaker's Peerage" practically the same size as "Whitaker's Almanac",

and the "Almanac" contains more than double its original number of pages. In its present issue one hundred pages are devoted to the British Empire, though the information given is packed into the smallest compass. "The Englishwoman's Year Book" seems to have become as important a work of reference to all who are concerned with women's life and interests as "Whitaker's" to the man whose memory for affairs needs refreshing. It is, as the Editor says, not meant merely for the writing-table of the philanthropist. For a directory to philanthropic institutions we must turn to the "Royal Guide to London Charities" (Chatto and Windus. 1s. 6d.).

We have received the annual report of Whitelands College for 1902. It shows the usual record of quiet, steady work with excellent results. The life of this college is even more than its lessons. One feels thankful that no Kenyon-Slaney has been able to lay vulgar hands on such institutions as Whitelands.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Children's Gardens." By the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil. London: Macmillan. 1902. 6s.

An admirable Christmas present: attractive externally, and a book it will do every child good to read: if it does not also give him pleasure, there must be some defect in him which the reading of this book should do something to supply. Heaven forbid that we should use the word educational of anything so delightful as gardening, but it is a fact that any child who reads this book and acts on it will get more good for body and soul than from ten thousand lesson books. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil might perhaps appeal more to the child's imagination and sentiment; she insists very much on detail; but may be she is right; the child mind loves the concrete. We must, however, remonstrate with Mrs. Cecil on her poetical repertoire. Really the poetry of gardening is not fairly represented by her selections.

"The Mohawk-Valley: its Legends and its History." By W. Max Reid. London: Putnams. 1902. 15s. net.

There is glamour in the name of Mohawk to everybody who takes an interest in the old legends and traditions about the Red Indian; and in this large book there is much about Iroquois, Huron, Algonquin and Mohawk and of the doings of their young braves, although the later history and descriptions of the land as it looks to-day fill many pages. After Mayne Reid or Fenimore Cooper some of the authentic accounts of the Indian on the warpath may not seem so picturesque. But by their light we are more likely to get at the real Indian. Champlain's own account of his fight with the Iroquois by the lake he afterwards named Lake Champlain is very interesting. But the conduct of the Iroquois on this occasion—as well as of Champlain's people—reminds one more of the army of Surajah Daulah before Plassy than of what we associate with Red Indian braves.

"The Struggle for a Continent." Edited from the Writings of Francis Parkman by Pelham Edgar. London: Macmillan. 1902. 7s. 6d. net.

As a rule, the least desirable form in which the work of a writer can be studied is that of extracts, but we feel that there really is some excuse for this attempt to put the essentials of Parkman's many volumes into one. Mr. Edgar has performed this delicate task admirably, obtruding himself on the attention of the reader only so far as may be necessary to link up lengthy extracts from the various books in which Parkman described "The Struggle for a Continent" between Spain, France and England. There is the more justification for Mr. Edgar's effort in that it is impossible to read Parkman in the original without being conscious that he is often redundant—picturesquely so we admit—and that in an age not peculiar for its leisure all save the most devoted students feel that more time is demanded by Parkman than can be spared to one authority. The value of this book is twofold: it will enable the student to grasp what is really vital in Parkman's prodigious labours and it will, we hope, attract the general reader whose acquaintance with Colonial history is usually not too extensive.

Poetical Works of Robert Browning." Vols. I. and II. (1833-1858). London: Unit Library. 1902. 1s. 5d. and 1s. 6d. respectively.

We were not particularly struck with the idea or with the production of the opening books in this series, but these two volumes of Browning are wonderfully good for the price. They can be cordially recommended. They contain "Pauline", "Strafford", "Paracelsus", "Sordello", "Pippa Passes", and many other long and short works by Browning. The paper is not excellent, but it serves; and on the whole this is the cheapest reprint that we have seen.

NOTICE: We regret that in our notice of "The School of the Woods" on page 744 last week, we omitted the publishers' name. The full title of the book is "The School of the Woods". By W. J. Long. Boston, U.S.A., and London: Ginn and Co. 1902. 10s. 6d.

#### ITALIAN LITERATURE.

*Biografia di un Bandito: Giuseppe Musolino di fronte alla Psichiatria ed alla Sociologia.* By Drs. E. Morselli and S. de Sanctis. With illustrations. Milan: Treves. 1902. Lire 5.

There can be no question, we suppose, that this work is of the greatest scientific value. Two able disciples of Cesare Lombroso—the book is fittingly dedicated to the eminent alienist—were daily let loose in his prison upon the brigand Musolino before his recent condemnation, and they have here elaborately recorded the results of the great variety of mental and physical tests to which they subjected this distinguished delinquent. Anything is better than solitary confinement to a man of high spirit, and Musolino, after his first surprise and wonder at the prying ways of the learned professors, showed a comic pleasure in their visits, and for the most part answered them freely and good-humouredly. Deadly earnest as they are, and keenly relishing their exceptional opportunity, they cannot sometimes help seeing that Musolino draws on his imagination in replying to their questions. Indeed his capacity for innocent enjoyment seems to have been as great as that of any other man. The tests to which he was subjected were of infinite variety and ingenuity. There was one to which he had no sort of objection—a discreet dose of alcohol compounded of Cognac and Marsala to test the effect on his pulse. Other tests were less agreeable: he was pricked with pins; he had to taste sugar and strychnine; to smell assafoetida; to plunge his fingers into boiling water and ice-cold water; his ears were whistled into; he was subjected to electric shocks; to various tests for weight and strength; to experiments in the association of ideas. Result: that Musolino is undoubtedly epileptic but fully responsible. The scientific value of this painstaking and conscientious examination of a remarkable criminal is no doubt great, but there is no harm in enjoying the exquisitely humorous side of it to which the solemnity of the men of science contributes not a little. While reading the book we could not keep Mr. Gilbert out of our mind: "The Prisoner of Lucca, or the Modern Inquisition"; what a libretto that would have made him! and a patter song of all the tests would certainly have been one of his masterpieces.

*La Divina Commedia riveduta nel testo e commentata da G. A. Scartazzini.* Fourth edition. Edited by G. Vandelli. Milan: Hoepli. 1903. Lire 6.

We need do little more than call attention to the fourth issue of Dr. Scartazzini's popular edition of the "Divina Commedia".

(Continued on page 778.)

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The well-known Dante scholar died at the beginning of last year (10 February 1901) and the new editor claims to have improved the punctuation, to have removed certain printer's errors, to have amended, here and there, the reading, and to have corrected slips in some of Dr. Scartazzini's citations. The substance of the commentary he has left as he found it: some changes have been made but not all that might have been made. Indeed the edition is, as he claims, "alius et idem", and we do not doubt is as thoroughly satisfactory an edition of the "Divine Comedy" as the general reader could desire.

*Patria Terra: Versi di Riccardo Pitteri.* Milan: Treves. 1903. Lire 4.

Very pretty poetry, spontaneous, delightfully fresh, full of observation and a keen love of simple country phenomena. The great white oxen of Italy have been done to death by remorseless poets of all nations, but admit—and it is something of a triumph—that the best poem in this little volume is that "Al Bove". Signor Pitteri who is new to us as a poet, is, we are informed, a Triestine, and is another striking instance of the literary excellence attained in "unredeemed" Italy.

*Ricordi ed Affetti.* By Alessandro d'Ancona. Milan: Treves. 1902. Lire 4.

Ripe scholarship, a sure literary touch, a limpid style, make everything that Professor d'Ancona produces interesting reading, even when, as in part of this volume, he is dealing with masters and pupils of his who never attained to special eminence. The book is divided into four parts (1) In memoriam of illustrious Italians (Giusti, Leopardi, Victor Emanuel, General Laugier), (2) recollections of masters, friends and pupils, (3) two chapters called recollections of contemporary history (one being a most interesting chapter on the popular music and poetry of the nineteenth century), and (4) two chapters of an autobiographical nature.

#### Hoeppli Manuals.

Signor Hoeppli has sent us three further volumes of his series of manuals for which we have more than once expressed our ungrudging admiration:

1. *L'Eritrea: Appunti Cronistorici.* By B. Melli. Milan. 1902. Lire 2.

Here, within a brief compass, clearly put, we have an account of the origin, growth and history of the Italian possessions in Africa. The author professes to deal with fact and to shun opinion, and he has certainly shown skill in avoiding the susceptibilities which are easily hurt over the national colonial adventure.

2. *Cronologia delle Scoperte e delle Esplorazioni Geografiche.* By Luigi Hugues. Milan: 1903. Lire 4.50.

A very handy volume of discovery and exploration, chronologically arranged. Beginning with the discovery of Columbus in 1492, it may indeed be said to be up to date, for it records that Major Austin, with Lieutenants Bright and Garner, left Omdurman in December 1900, after having determined its latitude and longitude, and arrived at Mombasa in September 1901. A full index of names greatly adds to the value of a useful and carefully compiled manual.

3. *L'Insegnamento dell' Italiano nelle Scuole Secondarie.* By Ciro Trabalza. Milan. 1903. Lire 1.50.

A book for teachers of Italian, or those who would know what the teacher of Italian should aim at.

*Il Marito Amante della Moglie. Il Fratello d'Armi.* Two plays by Giuseppe Giacosa. Milan: Treves. 1902. Lire 3.50.

The two plays are of very different character. The first is a lively comedy on the well-worn theme of the wife whose husband has left her through a misunderstanding. The husband returns, plays the lover, finds her faithful, is reconciled and so forth. The comic element is supplied by two old gentlemen, devoted admirers, and jealous of everybody else. The dialogue is bright and amusing, and the play should act well. "Il Fratello d'Armi" is a somewhat heavy melodrama. There are a villain, a jealous woman, a faithful friend, a siege, a dungeon, a secret passage, treachery, an imprisoned lady, a faithful minstrel and so forth. Both plays are written in blank verse.

*I Fioretti di San Francesco.* Florence: Barbèrè. 1902. Lire 2.25.

At last we have an edition of the "Fioretti" which may be called attractive and presentable. It is curious that one of the choicest of the Italian classics should nearly always have been presented in a most inferior dress. In fact in the matter of printing and binding the "Fioretti" have been subjected to every species of indignity, not excepting a combination of cheap paper, bad print and sham mediæval get-up. Signor Barbèrè has therefore done well to add the gem to his well-known "Diamond" series. Perhaps the form of this series is too dumpy for prose, but paper and print are irreproachable.

The text is founded on that of the famous edition by Antonio Cesari (1822), and has been edited by Professor Fornaciari, the Crusante. The learned philologist has adopted some changes suggested by Amaretto Manelli's version published by Count Luigi Manzoni two years ago (see this Review 17 August, 1901, p. 216). This almost seems to us a pity; the edition under review is after all only a popular not a critical edition, and if Cesari's well-known text is to be changed at all, it should only be after collation with the numerous codexes of the "Fioretti" which have not yet been used for critical purposes. Still when all is said and done we have before us perhaps the most satisfactory popular edition of the "Fioretti" as yet produced.

*I Miei Tempi.* By Angelo Brofferio. Turin: Streglio. 1902. Lire 3.

Angelo Brofferio, poet, journalist, deputy, conspirator and what not, was one of the leading and most extreme partisans of the Italian Revolution. He was born on 6 December, 1802, and here we have the first volume of a centenary edition of his complete works. These memoirs ought to be delightful reading; they deal with a most exciting period; they are full of observation, of vivid and humorous sketches of character, of interesting details of Piedmontese life and manners; and moreover they are written with great literary skill. But the spirit of the "Mountain" runs through them; a vengefully subversive spirit in politics, a venomously destructive spirit in religion. It all reads strangely old-fashioned; the world has surely advanced far beyond all that; and it is some comfort to reflect that no man of the calibre of Brofferio is ever likely to adopt the same crude sentiments again.

For This Week's Books see page 780.

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The accounts now submitted deal with three periods and reflect:—

- (1) The results obtained from 1st August, 1899, to the closing down of the Mine in October, 1899.
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- (3) The results obtained from the recommencement of milling on 5th March, 1902, to 31st July, 1902.

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Net Expenditure from closing down of Mine, October, 1899, to recommencement of Mining operations .. .. .					
Dividend No. 1—10 per cent. .. .. .					
South African Republic Government Taxes to 31st July, 1899 .. .. .					
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### GENERAL.

The value of gold seized by the Government of the late South African Republic before the outbreak of war, after deducting the sum of £960 1s. 11d. for gold found in the Pretoria Mint, which has been refunded to the Company, still appears as an Asset in the Accounts and amounts to £14,311 4s. 4d. The Liability having been repaid by the Underwriters, an action was brought by the Robinson Gold Mining Company, Limited, and Oubert, the Alliance Marine and General Assurance Company, which, however, resulted in judgment being given against the Plaintiff Companies. An appeal has been noted, and pending a final decision, the amount remains amongst the Company's Cash and Cash Assets.

It will be noted from the Balance Sheet that against the Company's Current Liabilities of £99,473 11s. 10d., there is only £10,608 7s. 4d. available cash on hand. The Rand Mines, Limited, has, however, continued to finance the Company, the amount due to that Corporation at date being £84,850 for which an interest charge of 7 per cent. per annum is paid. With the resumption of normal conditions it is expected that the extent of the Company's operations will be gradually increased to the full capacity of the plant when a proportionate increase in profits may be looked for.

In June last the Government of the Transvaal imposed a tax of 10 per cent. on the Profits of Mining Companies. Pending a settlement, however, with the Government as to the amount on which this tax is chargeable, no provision for same has been made in the Accounts now submitted.

### BALANCE SHEET, 31st JULY, 1902.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Capital Account—									
100,000 shares of £1 each ..							600,000	0	0
Share Premium Account—									
As per Balance Sheet, 31st July, 1899 ..						152,246	5	0	
Funds Invested in the Undertaking (See Appropriation Account)—									
Capital Expenditure in excess of Working Capital provided ..						81,569	8	2	
							233,815	13	
National Bank of S.A., Ltd., Germiston—									
Manager's Account—Overdraft ..						3,768	5	0	
Unclaimed Dividends Account—									
For Unpresented Dividend Warrants—Dividend No. 1 ..				£42	19	10			
For Unpresented Bearer share Warrant Coupons—Dividend No. 1 ..				7	10	0			
							50	9	10
Rand Mines, Limited—									
Advances .. .. .						84,850	0	0	
Sundry Creditors—									
On Account of Wages, Stores, &c. .. .. .						11,310	17	0	
							99,473	11	10
							£933,289	5	0
Cr.									
By Claim Property—									
183,362 Claims bought for 366,000 Shares of £1 each ..						366,000	0	0	
Cash .. .. .						3,451	2	10	
							369,451	2	10

By Mine Development at cost—				£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
No. I. Shaft Vertical ..	..	..	..	27,846	3	10			
No. II. Shaft Vertical ..	..	..	..	30,574	11	10			
Development ..	..	..	..	132,956	10	8			
							191,377	6	4
Machinery and Plant at cost ..	..	..	..				225,534	17	8
Buildings at cost ..	..	..	..				42,884	10	5
Reservoirs at cost ..	..	..	..				3,702	2	7
Tree Planting and Fencing at cost ..	..	..	..				1,185	10	10
Roads and Surface Improvements at cost ..	..	..	..				279	13	6
							464,564	10	4
Stores and Materials ..	..	..	..	10,423	5	0			
Live Stock and Vehicles ..	..	..	..	360	0	0			
Office Furniture ..	..	..	..	232	0	0			
Bearer Share Warrants ..	..	..	..	616	9	2			
							11,640	14	2
National Bank of South Africa, Limited—									
Dividend Account ..	..	..	..	42	19	10			
National Bank of South Africa, Limited, Johannesburg ..									
Cash at Mine ..	..	..	..	22	10	8			
Gold Consignment Account—	..	..	..	149	10	1			
							10,392	17	9
							10,608	7	4
Gold seized by Government of the late South African Republic ..									
Sundry Debtors ..	..	..	..				14,311	4	4
							2,608	17	11
							39,169	3	9
Balance of Appropriation Account ..									
							£6,304	8	1
							£933,289	5	0

H. A. READ, Secretary.

RAYMOND W. SCHUMACHER, Acting Chairman.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet, Working Expenditure and Revenue Accounts, and Appropriation Account, with the Books, Accounts and Vouchers of the Company, and certify that, in our opinion, it is a full and fair Balance Sheet, containing the particulars required by the Articles of Association of the Company, and properly drawn up, so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the whole of the Company's affairs.

HOWARD PIM.

Chartered Accountant,  
C. L. ANDERSSON,  
Incorporated Accountant,

Auditors.

Johannesburg, 10th October, 1902.

## ASHANTI COMPANY.

Valuable Assets in Bipposu and the Akrokkerri.

**THE second ordinary general meeting of the Ashanti Company, Limited,** was held yesterday at Salisbury House, Sir John Bramston, G.C.M.G., presiding.

The Secretary, Mr. J. T. P. Jones, read the notice calling the meeting and the auditors' report.

The Chairman, in his speech, said: It is my duty to move formally that the report of the directors and the accounts be now adopted. It is a matter of regret to the shareholders that at any rate the initial part of the report is not as favourable as we could wish. This has been as you will easily see, a very anxious year for the directors. You see we started with a concession of 100 square miles in Ashanti. That concession, we believed when the Company was formed, was an exceedingly valuable one, but further examination has not resulted in finding anything sufficiently favourable for us to expend more money upon. Therefore at any rate for the moment, that large concession is of no value to us and cannot be worked. Following upon this we had taken up a small mine in the name of that successful property the Attassi. This little mine, called the Twintina, we carefully examined, and finally, after several months' careful work, found that it was not good enough to go on with, and therefore we had to abandon that property. Thirdly, there have been other concessions in West Africa, at various distances from one another, which this Company has taken up, and which, on further examination, have proved not worthy of the heavy expenditure in transport and other matters which would be necessary in order to put them down to any great depth. Therefore in these three items we have had a very unfortunate year. The directors have watched over the affairs of the Company with the greatest anxiety; they have taken every pains they could to see that these things were thoroughly investigated and at as small an expense as possible, but nothing has been found good enough. However, gentlemen, happily for us that is not the whole of the Company's business, for, as you know, there is a certain mine called the Akrokkerri, in which, owing to the assistance we were able to give to that company at its starting, we were allotted 10,000 fully-paid shares. That mine, as originally reported upon, was expected to turn out to be a very valuable property. The mine has been at work for the last 12 months or more, but the ground having been honeycombed with deep old workings, these workings became receptacles for an immense quantity of water, with the result that when the men got a little below them the water filtered through, and the work of development was considerably retarded for the want of proper pumping machinery. However, since the report you have in your hands reached you a telegram has come from the mine to its directors stating that at last they have struck a reef and that that reef is 3 feet 6 inches wide, and shows a value of 6 ozs. 16 dwts. to the ton. I only wish we had got 100,000 shares instead of 10,000 in the Company. Then comes the Bipposu Mine mentioned in your report. That, as you know, has been worked for the last twelve months on a hill in the neighbourhood of the property which formed our original concession. That hill contains two reefs which are being worked simultaneously, being in the immediate neighbourhood of one another, with the result that they have opened up very valuable ore. Mr. Toogood, the engineer, estimates it at 6 ozs. throughout, and the value of ore in sight at £120,000. This Company, in connection with the Ashanti Lands has opened up that property with a view of forming a new Company if it proves to be valuable. That it is proved to be valuable is, I think you will agree, thoroughly established. The result is, that a new Company has been formed within the last few weeks, but it has not yet been got into thoroughly working order to develop this property. The new Company, the Bipposu Hill Mine, has a capital of £50,000, of which £100,000 will be Vendors' shares, of which this Company will get £25,000 fully paid. Of the £100,000 working capital, the directors thought it was to the interest of you gentlemen, and of the Company generally, that we should take half of the subscribed capital, £50,000. We shall therefore have an interest of £75,000 in the Company. To meet this we have already made a call upon you, which has been, I am glad to say, with a few exceptions, well responded to. That property is really good, and we have to rely upon it, as the property from which we shall get our first returns. Another property which we hope will turn out well—a question of the future—consists of two concessions near the Odumassi village, about a day's journey from Bipposu, to which the railway will go, and about half a day's journey from Bipposu. The Ashanti Lands, with whom we worked so much in company, possess that concession, and they have given us a half share in the venture, and in return for that we have, should it prove sufficiently good to go on with, to give them about 15,000 paid-up shares in this property—that is, if the thing is anything like what we hope it to be, and it will be a very cheap price to get it at. These 15,000 shares we already hold; they have been given back to us by the Anglo-Belgium Syndicate as part of the purchase price originally paid for the large concession, so that it will cost us nothing to hand them over. We trust that, with the Bipposu Mine, the Akrokkerri, and the Odumassi, we have a good outlook for the future. That is all I can tell you to-day. I have now to move the adoption of the report and accounts. The resolution was carried unanimously, and the auditors having been reappointed the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.



# THE EAST RAND MINING ESTATES, LTD.

## REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

To be submitted at the First Ordinary General Meeting of the Company, to be held  
on 30th December, 1902.

The Directors have the pleasure to submit for your approval the Accounts of the Company from the date of its incorporation (29th March, 1901) to the 30th September, 1902.

### PROPERTIES.

The Freehold interests of the Company consist of the following:—

(1) An undivided three-fourths interest in the Farm "GROOTVLEI," No. 45, District Heidelberg, the whole farm being 3,421 mor. 53 sq. rds. (about 7,240 English acres) in extent. The Company, however, has no interest in the Coal Mining rights over the farm, these rights having been disposed of before the property was acquired.

In order to facilitate the proving of the Farm Grootvlei, and to consolidate the various interests, a Syndicate has been formed, called the Grootvlei Prospecting Syndicate, Limited, with a Capital of £30,000 subscribed in cash, to test the farm systematically by means of diamond drills.

The East Rand Mining Estates, Limited, has subscribed proportionately to its holding in the farm, viz.:—three-fourths, or 22,500 shares.

The Syndicate has the option for three years, from the 1st February, 1901, to form a parent Company, with a nominal capital of £400,000, to take over the mineral rights (with the exception of coal) over the whole farm, less 170 acres undivided. In the event of the Syndicate exercising its option, it will receive 30,000 Shares in the new Company for its prospecting work, and will guarantee the subscription of 100,000 Shares at par for working capital, 25,000 fully-paid Shares being given to the owners of the mineral rights.

Should the option be exercised, the East Rand Mining Estates, Limited, will receive in the parent Company—

As part owners of the mineral rights .. ..	168,750 fully-paid shares,
As Shareholders in the Syndicate .. ..	22,500 " "
And will subscribe at par for .. ..	75,000 " "

Total holding of the East Rand Mining Estates, Limited, in the parent Company will therefore be .. .. 266,250 out of the 355,000 Shares issued.

(2) An undivided five-eighths interest in the Farm "PALMIETKUIL," No. 61, District Heidelberg, the whole farm being 4,468 mor. 484 sq. rds. (about 9,431 English acres) in extent.

(3) An undivided three-eighths interest in the north-eastern half of the Farm "Modderfontein," No. 46, District Pretoria, this half farm being 1,300 mor. 106 sq. rds. (about 2,750 English acres) in extent.

(4) A freehold portion of the Farm "Rietvlei," No. 383, District Pretoria. This portion is situated near the centre of the farm, is divided off, and consists of 23 mor. 67 sq. rds. (about 49 acres).

(5) A one-fourth undivided interest in the Farm "Zonderfontein," No. 283, District Pretoria, the whole farm being 1,687 mor. 569 sq. rds. (about 3,573 English acres) in extent.

(6) The whole of the Farm "Vlakfontein," No. 65, District Heidelberg, 3,763 mor. 108 sq. rds. (about 7,965 English acres) in extent.

The net area owned by the East Rand Mining Estates in respect of the above freehold interests, after deducting the interests of others, amounts to about 21,280 acres.

In addition to these freehold interests the Company has the benefit of certain options over the mineral rights on the whole or portions of four other farms in the Heidelberg District, viz., Palmietkuil, Palmietfontein, Nooitgedacht, and Boschmanskop.

The position of the farms in which the Company is interested is shown on the plan.

### TECHNICAL MANAGEMENT.

The Directors are pleased to report that an agreement, a copy of which is enclosed, has been provisionally entered into with the firm of Messrs. Lewis & Marks (with which firm three of your Directors, Messrs. Isaac Lewis, Barnett Lewis, and C. F. Rowsell, are connected). Under this agreement the Directors will at all times be able to avail themselves of the services and advice of the technical staff of Messrs. Lewis & Marks.

This agreement will be submitted to the Shareholders for their approval and ratification at the Extraordinary General Meeting to be held after the Ordinary General Meeting.

### BORING OPERATIONS.

Dr. F. H. Hatch, M.Inst.C.E., and Mr. H. B. Bunkell, members of Messrs. Lewis & Marks' technical staff, have spent a considerable time on the Company's properties, and have made a very careful examination of the ground. They report that from the data gathered they are justified in assuming that the Witwatersrand beds will be found on the farms Grootvlei and Palmietkuil.

GROOTVLEI.—Very satisfactory results have been obtained by the Geduld Proprietary Mines from the three boreholes on their farm Geduld, which cut the Van Ryn Reef at the depths of 1,391 ft., 1,724 ft., and 2,136 ft. respectively, giving assay results of 32½ dwts. over 6 ins., 5 ozs. over 10 ins., and 17½ dwts. over 14 ins. or an average of 48½ dwts. over 10 ins., equal to 1 oz. per ton over a milling width of 9 ft. In view of these results the Engineers recommended that a borehole be put down on the farm Grootvlei at a point 75 ft. inside the western boundary, near the eastern boundary of the farm Geduld. The Johannesburg Committee of the

Grootvlei Prospecting Syndicate has acted on this recommendation, and has made a contract for putting down a borehole on their farm. Work has since been commenced, and the borehole has now attained a depth of over 875 ft.

PALMIETKUIL.—Dr. Hatch and Mr. Bunkell also recommended that a borehole be put down on the farm Palmietkuil, which adjoins Grootvlei on the east. The location for this borehole they fixed at a point 2,970 ft. from the south-west boundary of the farm. A contract has been entered into for this borehole, which is now down 716 ft.

OTHER FARMS.—Up to the present the Company has not commenced operations on any of the other farms in which it is interested. This question is being investigated, and work is contemplated at an early date.

### AUDITORS.

Messrs. Cooper Brothers & Co. have been provisionally appointed by the Board as Auditors to the Company. You are asked to confirm this appointment, and to fix their remuneration for the past and the present year's audits.

CHESTERFIELD, Chairman.

Threadneedle House,  
Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.  
19th December, 1902.

### BALANCE SHEET, 30th SEPTEMBER, 1902.

Dr.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
To Share Capital—						
Authorised—						
500,000 Shares at £1 each .. ..	500,000	0	0			
Issued—						
150,000 Shares of £1 each, fully paid .. ..	150,000	0	0			
250,000 Shares issued fully paid to Vendors .. ..	250,000	0	0			
						400,000 0 0
Creditors .. ..						1,042 7 3
Income and Expenditure Account (being balance of Income over Expenses from 29th March, 1901, the date of the incorporation of the Company, to 30th September, 1902)—						
Income—						
Interest .. ..	4,650	10	1			
Transfer Fees .. ..	287	4	3			
						4,937 14 4
Deduct—Expenses:						
Preliminary Expenses .. ..	£1,508	16	8			
Directors' Fees .. ..	1,356	16	10			
Rent and Services of Secretary and Office Staff .. ..	724	14	3			
General Expenses .. ..	178	10	11			
Legal Expenses .. ..	93	4	3			
Auditors' Fee for Statutory Report .. ..	5	5	0			
Quit Rents .. ..	6	1	0			
				3,873	8	11
						1,064 5 5
Liability for Calls on Shares, as per contra .. ..	£21,375	0	0			
						£402,106 18 8
Cr.						
By Freehold Farms and Interests in Freehold Farms .. ..	245,000	0	0			
Cost of Options over Mineral Rights and Expenditure since Purchase .. ..	5,483	6	6			
Borehole on Palmietkuil—						
Estimated Cost of Borehole to date .. ..	327	17	3			
22,500 Shares of £1 each in the Grootvlei Prospecting Syndicate, Limited, is paid .. ..	1,125	0	0			
Debtors .. ..	209	1	0			
Loan against Security .. ..	144,000	0	0			
Cash at Bankers on Current and Deposit Accounts .. ..	5,961	7	11			
						£402,106 18 8

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with, and we report to the Shareholders that we have audited the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Accounts in London. As evidence of title to the Freehold Farms and Interests in Freehold Farms there has been produced to us a Deed of Trust by the Vendors, dated 21st March, 1902. In our opinion such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs as shown by the books of the Company.

COOPER BROTHERS & CO., } Auditors.  
Chartered Accountants,

LONDON, 17th December, 1902.

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